THE LIVING AGE.

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ON THE ROAD.

Ever just over the top of the next brown rise
I expect some wonderful thing to flatter my eyes.
"What's yonder?" I ask of the first wayfarer I meet.
"Nothing!" he answers, and looks at my travel-worn feet.

"Only more hills and more hills, like the many you've passed,
With rough country between, and a poor enough inn at the last!"
But already I am a-move, for I see he is blind,
And I hate that old grumble I've listened to time out of mind.

I've wandered too long not to know there is truth in it still,
That lure of the turn of the road, of the crest of the hill.
So I breast me the rise with full hope, well assured I shall see
Some new prospect of joy, some brave venture a-tiptoe for me.

For I have come far, and confronted the calm and the strife.
I have fared wide, and bit deep in the apple of life.
It is sweet at the rind, but oh; sweeter still at the core,
And whatever be gained, yet the reach of the morrow is more.

At the crest of the hill I shall hail the new summits to climb.
The demand of my vision shall beggar the largess of Time.
For I know that the higher I press, the wider I view,
The more's to be ventured and visioned, in worlds that are new.

So when my feet, failing, shall stumble in ultimate dark,
And faint eyes no more the high lift of the pathway shall mark,
There under the dew I'll lie down with my dreams, for I know
What bright hill-tops the morning will show me, all red in the glow.

Charles G. D. Roberts

The Pall Mall Magazine.

IN MAY.

Yes, I will spend the livelong day
With Nature in this month of May;
And sit beneath the trees, and share
My bread with birds whose homes are there;
While cows lie down to eat, and sheep
Stand to their necks in grass so deep;
While birds do sing with all their might,
As though they felt the earth in flight.
This is the hour I dreamed of, when
I sat surrounded by poor men;
And thought of how the Arab sat
Alone at evening, gazing at
The stars that bubbled in clear skies;

And of young dreamers, when their eyes
Enjoyed methought a precious boon
In the adventures of the Moon
Whose light, behind the Clouds' dark bars,
Searched for her stolen flocks of stars.
When I, hemmed in by wrecks of men,
Thought of some lonely cottage then,
Full of sweet books; and miles of sea,
With passing ships, in front of me;
And having, on the other hand,
A flowery, green, bird-singing land.

William H. Davies.

IN AFTER DAYS.

In after days when grasses high
O'ertop the stone where I shall lie.
Though ill or well the world adjust
My slender claim to honored dust,
I shall not question or reply.

I shall not see the morning sky;
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;
I shall be mute, as all men must
In after days!

But yet, now living, fain were I
That some one then should testify,
Saying—"He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust."
Will none?—Then let my memory die
In after days!

Austin Dobson.

THE FUTURE OF ALBANIA.

Out of the crucible which has been seething in the flames of the Balkan War the kingdoms of the peninsula will emerge aggrandized at the expense of Turkey, and, when they have recovered from their losses on the battlefields, strengthened to take the place in the near East of the Emperors and Sultans of Constantinople. But that is not all; Europe has taken in hand the creation of a new State, the last of those which have been built out of the fragments of the Byzantine and Turkish Empires by the skill of modern diplomatists. Albania is to be made into an autonomous State with all the blessings of Parliamentary and bureaucratic government, with its own prince and system of elections all complete. This is the last State which can be manufactured out of the ancient material of Europe, unless Austria should be partitioned, but the nationality which is to compose it is so distinct and separate from the rest of Europe, and so unlike that of the Slav races by which it is hemmed in, that its creation as an autonomous State is but the natural outcome of the logic of events. The future of Albania, this newcomer into the circle of European governments, will depend on the skill with which its boundaries are drawn. Expediency, and not strict justice, has always ruled the decisions of the Great Powers, who are the final Court of Appeal in such matters, but if a mistaken idea of what seems to be the easiest way is allowed to prevail, and if the land greed of the neighboring States is permitted to supplant the natural and ethnical frontiers by boundaries inspired by earth-hunger, then the Near Eastern question, so far from being settled, will only be shifted to another phase, and the Slav will stand out as the oppressor of nationalities in the Balkans in place of the Turk. The Albanian comes of the oldest race in Europe, he is the descendant of the original owners of the soil, and to him the Slav, just as much as the Turk, is an intruder and a supplanter. The Slav was only overrun by the Turk; the Albanian was overrun by the Slav in addition to the Turk, and the future of Europe's latest experiment in State building depends upon the recognition of this fact.

It is said that an ingenious man of science has succeeded in manufacturing an egg without the aid of the usual hen, but with the correct chemical constituents and the familiar appearance. In every respect it is so exactly like an egg, and is so scientifically accurate in composition, that only the man who eats it doubts of its perfect success, and recognizes that there is something more, something indefinable, in an egg which is beyond outward appearance and chemical components. This triumph of Art over Nature is known as the Synthetic Egg, and there is the gravest danger lest the Egg which Europe is now endeavoring to produce should be of the Synthetic variety; a State in everything but that which makes a living State, the inclusion within its boundaries of all those of the nationality. If for the sentimental satisfaction of memories of their evanescent empires of mediæval times, the Bulgar and the Serb are to be allowed to lop off the fairest portions of the too meagre heritage of the Albanians, the new State will be addled from its inception, and had far better never be brought into being. The unrest will smoulder in the Balkans ready to burst into flame at any moment, for the Turk was the spasmodic but usually easy-going tyrant of

the old school, whereas the Slav will be the tyrant of the new bureaucracy which cloaks its oppression under the pretence of legality. The Albanian who is left outside the border will be always struggling to join his brothers in the new State, and the story of the Macedonian risings will be repeated over again, and with greater justification. The future of a "synthetic" and artificial Albania can be told in one word: bloodshed.

Since the victorious march of the Bulgarians, Servians, and Greeks through Thrace and Macedonia, the pretence that war was declared to free the Brothers in Macedonia has been abandoned for the frank confession of a desire for an extension of territory. There was no need to free Macedonia from the Turks—time was doing that—but each one of the three allies hastened to save as much of it as he could from his two partners in the enterprise, for it was obvious to all of them that the Young Turks had given the final blow to the Empire of Turkey in Europe. We hear nothing now of the absurd proposal to erect an autonomous Macedonia with a prince and parliament of its own. The allies have already partitioned it on paper, and the boundaries which they have drawn show the lengths to which their land-hunger has carried them. Europe has definitely decided that there shall be a principality of Albania, and the allies, even after Lule Burgas, have not dared to give a point-blank refusal. But they have drawn an Albania on the map which will shut the Albanians in to the narrow mountains and the poorest strip of seaboard, and they have advanced many plausible reasons, ethnological, geographical and historical, why the ancient race should yield its towns and lowlands to the Slav, and go starve on a ridge of sterile crags until a cheap process of extermination by hunger has made the time ripe for a final partition of the stony ground of an abortive principality. In any case, by the division of Macedonia, Albania will be shut in on the north and east by Slav States and on the south by Greece, and the scheme of the allies is to draw the boundaries so close that she will be strangled from the start.

There were three Albanias in the market for Europe to choose from. First there was the scheme of the Provisional Government of Albania under Ismail Kemal Bey of Avlona, which demands all the lands in the west of the Balkan Peninsula that are inhabited by a majority of Albanians, and were, till recently, under the rule of the Sultan. The boundary is easily followed on any map. From the Boiana it keeps to the present Montenegrin frontier on the north till it reaches the Sandjak of Novibazar south of Berane, whence it follows the course of the River Ibar to Mitrovitza, the terminus of the railway running north from Salonica. It takes in the famous plain of Kossovopolje, to which the Serbs have a sentimental claim, as it was there that the Serbian kingdom was finally defeated and the Czar Lazar slain by the Sultan Murad on June 15th, 1389. But the Albanians have also a sentimental claim to the field, for not only did a contingent of them fight against the Turks as allies of the Serbs, but Kara Mahmoud Pasha of Scutari, the semi-independent ruler of North Albania, defeated the Sultan's army there in 1786. The boundary includes the railway line as far south as Koprulu, taking in Ferizovich, where the Albanian tribes proclaimed their independence on July 15th, 1908, and Uskub, whose inhabitants are in the great majority Moslem Albanians, with about twenty-five per cent. of Bulgarians and seven per cent. of Servians. The town was taken over in April, 1912, by the Al-

banians from the Turkish Government, and captured by the Servian army on October 26th, last year. From Koprulu the Albanian Provisional Government's boundary runs south to the angle of the Monastir railway near Florina between lakes Presba and Ostrovo, and then strikes east, leaving out Kastoria, to a point nearly south of Lake Presba, whence it runs due south to the Greek frontier.

This attempt at the delimitation of the boundaries would no doubt be accepted by Europe if the Albanians were strong enough or popular enough to command a propaganda such as has been worked by the friends of the Greeks, the Bulgarians, and the Servians, for it includes the country in which the Albanians are undoubtedly in the majority, and in which the other nationalities have only maintained themselves by the most unscrupulous religious and political intrigues. Religion is not the Albanians' strong point. They are Moslem, Orthodox and Latin, and usually opportunists, with little or no organization. But the Greeks have a magnificent organization which dates from the Byzantine Empire, and ever since the Turkish occupation has wielded powers second only to those of the Sultan and the Porte. With the Greeks religion almost took the place of nationality, and Greek means, and has meant for centuries, not so much those of Hellenic birth as those of the Greek or Orthodox faith. This was the strength of the Phanariots, and the lazy tolerance of the Turks allowed the Orthodox Church to become an empire within an empire. Until comparatively recent times, Servians, Bulgarians, and South Albanians were all massed together in the European mind as Greeks, because they were under the Greek Patriarch, and it was not until modern Servia began to emerge under Kara George, who was by no means a religious leader, that the West awoke to the fact that there were other nationalities than the Greek under Turkish rule. As for the Bulgars, they were even more completely forgotten than the Serbs, though nowadays, with the armies of the Czar Ferdinand at the gates of Adrianople and Constantinople, it seems almost incredible that for centuries the Bulgarian nationality was nothing but a vague memory in Europe.

But even before the Bulgarian atrocity agitation the leading men among the Bulgarians had recognized the correct line of policy, and had realized that the Greek Church and the Patriarch at Constantinople were more powerful levers than any mere political organization could be. Therefore they worked for the establishment of a Bulgarian Church free from the control of the Patriarch, and in 1870 the Bulgarian Exarchate was founded by the permission of the Sultan. From that date the advance of Bulgaria was rapid, owing to the establishment of churches and schools. Greece and Servia took alarm, but Servia was too late to stand in line with her two rivals. These hostile churches were the cause of the recent disturbances in Macedonia. Greeks and Bulgarians especially converted the villages with fire and sword, and in Macedonia and all along the Albanian frontier it must never be forgotten, in dealing with the boundary question, that Greek, Bulgarian and Servian mean the adherents of the Orthodox Church in those countries, and not necessarily men of those nationalities. This is where the Albanians have the disadvantage, and in addition they have the further misfortune that Moslem Albanians are always known as Turks, which most emphatically they are not. Thus, in Southern Albania statistics show that so many thousand inhabitants are Turks, and so many thou-

sand are Greeks, whereas really the men so classified are almost all Albanians of the Moslem or Orthodox belief. This is so convenient a method of gulling Europe that it is never likely to be abandoned by those who profit by it. Occasionally race and religion taliy, but in the majority of cases what is indicated is the form of religion and not the race, and the Albanians, who have no Patriarch, no Exarch, no schools and no propaganda, suffer from their lack of organization and of the first principles of scientific advertising.

It is thus out of the question that the boundaries of the new State will be drawn so as to include all the lands inhabited by the Albanians. Four modern kingdoms surround the territory of the descendants of the ancient Thrako-Illyrian tribes, each one hungering for a bite out of the all too poverty-stricken plains owned by the people of the hills. All four have in varying degree got the ear of Europe; all have clever spokesmen and advocates of their own and foreign countries. The Albanians, who since the coming of the Turks have given some of their most brilliant statesmen to Turkey, Italy and Greece, have to fight their own battle with the tongue and pen, weapons to which at home they are ill-accustomed. Even the powerful advocacy of Austria does not stand them in good stead, as the rest of Europe suspects that it is actuated, not so much by the principles of abstract justice as by the desire to prevent the Near East from becoming entirely Slavized. However, since Europe has decided in theory upon the creation of an autonomous Albania, the allies, who are admirable diplomatists, have adopted the less heroic policy of attempting to strangle the infant State at birth, by doing their utmost to confine it to the barren rocks and swampy seacoast which, with the possible exception of Durazzo, no one on earth covets, so wild and stern are they.

Confident in the ignorance and heedlessness of Western Europe, the allies propose to deprive Albania of all that is most distinctively Albanian. Even the birthplace of George Castriot, Scanderbeg, is not to be left to the people at whose head he defeated Pashas and Sultans for years, unaided and unsupported by Christian Europe; even the ruined Castle of Lek Dukajini, the prince who codified the ancient laws and customs of the mountains; even the homes of Ali Pasha of Yanina, and of Kara Mahmoud of Scutari, are not to be included in the official Albania if the allies can have their way. All are to be handed over to Slav or Greek, and Albania is to be made into a State in name only, shorn of everything which can enable it to live as an independent and self-governing principality. The frontier which the united intellect or cunning of the four kingdoms has devised will not take long to delimit. Hitherto the Black Drin has been considered by the most Slavophil boundary-monger to be the meanest limit of Albania to the north, and the river Kalamas to the south by the Philhellenes. But even those poor boundaries are now considered too generous by the ambitious allies. On the north the frontier proposed by the Montenegrins starts from the Adriatic seacoast at the mouth of the River Mati, about half-way between Alessio and Cape Rodoni, and then goes north and north-east nearly to the Drin, depriving Albania of Scutari, its northern capital, which is inhabited solely by Shkypetars, and of all the plain surrounding it; of the Malissori mountains, which are inhabited by Albanian Roman Catholic tribes and certain tribes half Roman Catholic and half Moslem; of the Moslem tribes

of the Dukajini and Liuma; and of Ipek, Jacovo, and Prisrend, in all of which the Moslem Albanians are in an immense majority. Albania is thus to be deprived of the Drin, which is its principal river, and of lands in which there are but few Slavs of any sort. Montenegro does not even pretend that she went to war to liberate brother Serbs under Turkish rule, but openly declares that she would disappear as a political factor in the Balkans rather than renounce the annexation of territory inhabited by men of utterly different race and religion who have always hated the Slav even more than the Turk.

The Servians and Bulgarians are equally preposterous in their demands. They claim the entire upper and middle course of the Drin, including the watershed on the east of the mountains of Central Albania down to the mountains west of Lake Ochrida. Their suggested boundary thus cuts Albania in two, annexes districts purely Albanian or in which Shkypetars are in a majority, and deprives the new State of any outlet to the hinterland on the east. The three Slav kingdoms are agreed in lopping off the most valuable part of Albania, but when the spoil comes to be divided the momentary allies will quarrel bitterly. They all claim the right to annex Ipek, Jacovo, and Prisrend, but Servia has special claims on the latter city, as it was once the capital of the Empire of Dushan. Moreover, Bulgaria and Servia dispute not only both banks of the Drin, but also Dibra, which is about three-quarters Albanian and the rest Bulgarian; Ochrida and Presba; and Monastir, where the population is Albanian, Greek, and Bulgarian, but not Servian. If the country is taken from Albania, the valleys from Dibra to Monastir will be the scene of the coming struggle between Bulgaria and Servia, and the story of Slivnitza will be told over again. The Greeks are no less exacting than their allies. They claim Avlona; but as Italy, too, has an eye on the Albanian coast, they have drawn their provisional line from Gramala, a point on the shore half-way between Dukali and Khimara, and thence east to the fork of the River Voiussa, near Klissura, leaving Tepelen to Albania. Thence the line goes northeast by north to the proposed Servian line south-west of Lake Ochrida, cutting off from the new State country that is purely Albanian, as well as some districts in which the population is mixed. Even if the Greek line were drawn much further to the south-east, it would still amputate territories in which the majority of the inhabitants are Albanian, but are called Greek because they belong to the Greek or Orthodox Church. A glance at the map will show that the frontier suggested by the allies confines the Albanians to the west of the mountains which form the central backbone of the country, and to the narrow strip between those mountains and the sea.

There remains the frontier proposed by Austria, which, if not generous to Albania, is at least more just than that of the allies. It is a frontier traced by more or less disinterested experts, and is a compromise between the line drawn by Ismail Kemal Bey on the one hand, and the draughtsman of the allies on the other. It follows the existing frontier on the Montenegrin border as far as a point north of Gussigne-Plava, where it makes a sudden loop to the southward to include those two places in Montenegro. But the irony of the situation in this part of the world is that while Austria very justly opposes the cession of purely Albanian districts to Montenegro, she at the same time can suggest no compensation to King Nicolas, for she even more vigorously opposes his

legitimate expansion to the north in Herzegovina, which by all the principles of right and equity belongs to Montenegro. There is no difference whatever from the racial and geographical point of view between Montenegro and the Herzegovina, and Cattaro is the natural port of the little kingdom by which it was formerly owned. The King only asks for the Malissori mountains of North Albania, because he knows that as long as Austria exists he can never get Cattaro and the Herzegovina, the district from which his family and that of many of the Montenegrins originally came. From Gussigne-Plava the Austrian line runs to the north to keep Ipek, Jacovo, and Prisrend in Albania, but it leaves to the Slav the district known as Old Serbia, which is inhabited almost entirely by Albanians, and takes from the new State Kossovopolje, Ferizovich, Uskub, and all the adjacent lands. From the summit of the Shah Dagh, just east of Prisrend, the proposed frontier runs almost due south between Lakes Ochrida and Presba, giving Dibra and the whole valley of the Black Drin to Albania, but omitting the districts to the east, where the Albanians are either in the majority or in a very strong minority. South of Lake Presba the line trends a little to the east, following the Albanian claim very closely, and reaches the Greek frontier slightly to the east of Mecovon, at the frontier of the present Pashaliks of Yanina and Monastir.

The Austrian scheme is doubtless the most workable of the three put forward for Europe's consideration, but the Powers, in tracing their provisional frontier, have not thought fit to adopt it. Evidently they held it more dignified to draw a line of their own; and as far as they have come to a decision they have leaned towards the Slav and against the Albanian. The boundary accepted in principle by the Powers goes a little further up the Boiana than the present frontier, and strikes inland at a stream just below Goritza, whence it divides the district of Anamalit, which is entirely Mahometan Albanian, and reaches the lake just west of Zogai. The line crosses the lake to the inlets of Kastrati and Hoti, and runs north-east to the present frontier, leaving the Hoti and Gruda tribes in Montenegro, and Kastrati, Shkreli, and Klementi in Albania. Hoti is a Roman Catholic tribe of purely Albanian origin. It has always been considered the chief of the Malissori tribes, and in wartime marched at the head of the confederation. King Nicolas has of late years taken great pains to win over this important tribe from the Turks and with considerable success, but whether it will be content to become absorbed in Montenegro, and see the Klementi and Kastrati forming part of an independent Albania, is another matter. The Gruda tribe is separated from the Hoti by the River Zem, and was formerly included in the district of Podgoritza, though it was one of the seven mountain tribes of Scutari. It is a tribe of mixed religion, two-thirds being Roman Catholics and the rest Mahometan.

As in the Austrian scheme the boundary then trends to the south and includes Gussigne and Plava in Montenegro. These places are inhabited by fanatical Mahometans, not of pure Shkypetar extraction, and Albania can well do without them. But then the boundary bends south-east, leaving out Ipek, Jacovo, and Prisrend, all of which are inhabited by a great majority of Albanians, and from a point a few miles west of Prisrend runs due south, leaving out Dibra with its mixed population of Albanians and Bulgarians, and then following the Drin to the stream Pishkupshtina,

whence it follows the hilltops on the west until it strikes Lake Ochrida at Lin, near the monastery of San Nicolo. In South Albania the line will doubtless leave Yanina to Greece and drive out of the new State thousands of Albanians who are called Greeks because they belong to the Orthodox Church. From the cynical way in which large populations of Albanians are ignored and handed over to their hereditary enemies, it is obvious that the Great Powers are not over anxious to found an Albanian principality which could have a reasonable chance of success. The nascent Albania is cut down to a minimum, and if Europe had wished to make the new State dependent on Austria or Italy, she could hardly have set about it more effectually. The only thing to be said for the scheme is that it includes Scutari and the Drin in the principality, but the thousands of Albanians who are left outside cannot be expected to acquiesce in their exclusion. There is not much future for an Albania of this sort, but the Shkypetars are a dogged race who have survived many tyrants, though so far they have only had to face death by the sword and not strangulation by the red tape of a bureaucracy. Unfortunately, the Slav is not as the Turk, and the Powers are unlikely to follow the precedent of Eastern Rumelia and permit at some future time the incorporation of Albania Irredenta in the foundling State of Europe.

Hope for the future lies in the fact that the Albanian, though a warrior and a man who prefers to go always armed, is, unlike the Montenegrin, a hard worker. Even now in Cettinge nearly all the trade and industry of the capital is in his hands, and among his own barren mountains he is a first-rate shepherd, and, where he has the opportunity and the soil, a skilful agriculturist. In the towns he excels as an artificer, armorer, and maker of fine stuffs. The Albanian *zarfs*, or coffee-cup holders, of silver filigree are celebrated all over the Near East for their beautiful and delicate workmanship, and the skill of the townsman in manufacturing and ornamenting pistols and yataghans is known to every traveller. Pistol-barrels and sword-blades inlaid with gold, and pistol- and gun-butts inlaid with silver, prove that the Albanian has not only skill but taste and artistry, and though a State cannot live on such products alone, these wares give evidence that the soul of the people is not dead within them. Prisrend is one of the great centres of Albanian gunsmith's work, and some years ago there was still living in that town an armorer who had exhibited inlaid pistols at the Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park.

The future of a State, whether of old growth or of new creation, lies in its commerce and industries, and of these Albania has little to show at present. Its commerce is next to non-existent, and its industries are of the poorest. Within the limits traced by the geographers of the Powers there is not a single line of railway, and the roads which are marked on the staff map need to be ridden over to be justly appreciated. A slight improvement has been made during the last quarter of a century, and wheeled conveyances are now to be met with in cities where their appearance would have caused a riot in the last century. Moreover, Albanians have taken to travelling in Europe to a much greater extent, and for years past the more intelligent men in the towns have been waiting grimly and patiently for the time when their independence from Turk and Slav shall enable them to prove themselves Europeans. These men at first believed that the "Constitution" of the Young Turks was the dawn of the

new era, but they were soon undeceived, and their chiefs have now got a sound and clear idea of the situation. Three lines of railway are absolutely needed. The first, from Scutari up the valley of the Drin to Prisrend, Mitrovitza, and Uskub, with a branch line running north to Jacovo, Ipek, and Novibazar, and another branch line south to Dibra and Ochrida. Secondly, a line through Central Albania from Durazzo, Elbassan, and Ochrida, to join the existing terminus at Monastir; and thirdly, a line from Yanina to the railhead at Kalabaka to join the Greek system, with extensions to Previsa, Avlona, and Monastir. These railways would thoroughly open up Albania, allow capital to be introduced to exploit her timber trade and her mineral wealth, which is said to be enormous, and would bring down the trade of the hinterland to the Adriatic ports. All these lines could not be built at once, but roads should be improved or laid down so as to allow of motor traffic, such as has been introduced into Montenegro, to begin the opening up of the country. In fact, as for some years the trade of the State will be miserably small, a service of motors will be quite sufficient for the present, and will enable a start to be made on a small scale pending the construction of the railways.

The first thing to be considered in estimating the wealth of a country is the table of imports and exports, and under Turkish rule that of Albania was negligible. Scutari, the capital of the north, exported little but a few skins and some sumach, though it was the headquarters of the silkworm industry of the district, and grows excellent tobacco and wine in the plains of the Kiri and Zadrima. Durazzo did some trade in wood and charcoal; and Prevesa, which tapped South Albania as well as Northern Greece, exported cattle, charcoal, cheese, fishroes, olives and skins, and a little timber and corn was sent out from Avlona and elsewhere. Altogether it was a miserable foundation on which to build the prosperity of a nascent State. But hitherto the Albanian has been self-supporting. He has grown enough for himself, and has shown no desire and no ability to export goods of which he produces a superfluity to pay for goods which he can buy abroad more easily than he can make them at home. He has been a man of few wants, and it would no doubt be for his happiness could he be properly policed, and so be given leisure to provide for his simple necessities in the security which so far he has never enjoyed. That was at the bottom of the wish of some Albanian notables who had visited Egypt, and had noted the great change which has been wrought there, that Great Britain could be induced to undertake the administration of the country. But the Albanians will have to shoulder their own burden, and the future of the State as a wealth-producer depends in a large degree on the proper exploitation of her timber and mineral resources. To ensure that, the mountaineers will have to relax their attitude of suspicion and defiance toward strangers, and to refrain from looking on the European who would open up the country as a robber who must be shot at the first convenient opportunity. It will take some considerable time to imbue the Shkypetar with a wholesome respect for the limited company and its promoter, but when the lesson of civilization is learned, the minerals as yet untouched will bring fabulous prosperity to the now barren mountains.

Except in the towns and plains, where the Turks have had Vali Pashas, Mutesarrifs and Kaimakams with a plentiful backing of soldiers, the Albanians have always governed

themselves, and even now the ancient laws of Lek Dukadjini, who codified the legendary tribal customs of the people, are in force in a large part of North Albania. The Turks have always played upon the divisions caused by the three religions and the many tribes, but nothing has ever denationalized the Albanian. He never describes himself as a Turk or a Greek, as so many interested foreigners do, but always as a Shkypetar. Bigoted as he too frequently is in the matter of religion, his nationality invariably has first place, and when he grasps the fact that he is a member of an independent Albanian State, he will be prouder than ever of his race. But it cannot be expected that the old divergences will disappear suddenly under the magic of a national government. It will be a great mistake to introduce at once a cast-iron European constitution with a strong central rule and a ready-made bureaucracy and police. The tribes are jealous of their independence, and will be as unwilling to surrender it to a national government as to the Turks. A federal State is what should be aimed at, a constitution more like that of Canada and Australia than that of Bulgaria or Servia. The country readily divides itself into provinces and, taking the provisional frontier of the Powers, Scutari with the Malissors and the plains of the Kiri and Zadrima would make a country or province of mixed Roman Catholic and Moslem religion; Liuma and the country near Prisrend would group into a Moslem community; the Mirdites would form a Roman Catholic province ready-made, with a prince and system of government complete; Elbassan would be the capital of Central Albania, where Moslems predominate, and Yanina, or some less important place, of South Albania, where the inhabitants are mostly of the Orthodox religion.

Scutari is the most important town, and will be found the most convenient spot for a federal capital. Setting aside their heroes of antiquity, the modern Albanians have shown in Italy and Greece that they can produce statesmen, and they have given the reigning dynasty to Egypt, so that there need be no fear that capable men will be wanting to take up the reins of government. The Prince of the country, the Duke of Urach or another, would have to be chosen from the families of European sovereigns, as the rulers of Greece, Roumania and Bulgaria were chosen, for in Albania there is no chieftain who holds the position which King Nicolas has in Montenegro, or even King Peter in Servia. The two outstanding personalities of Albania to-day are Ismail Kemal Bey and Prenck Bib Doda Pasha, the hereditary chieftain of the Mirdites, but one is a Moslem and the other a Roman Catholic, and the choice of either of them would inevitably lead to jealousy and quarrels. Ismail Kemal Bey would naturally become the ruler of the province of Elbassan, and Prenck Bib Doda Pasha of Mirditia, where his ancestors have been acknowledged chiefs for centuries. In and near Prisrend there are several powerful Beys, whose families have, except in times of spasmodic Turkish energy, been the real rulers of the country, and from among them the local chieftain could easily be chosen. In the districts of Scutari and Yanina the same thing holds good. In both towns there are the representatives of great families which have always had much local influence, and frequently local rule, and each district would be more likely to settle down under its own chiefs and elders, making a Federal State with a discreet and tactful central government. To attempt to make a hard and fast modern principality of the loosely-knit tribes of the

north and south will be deliberately to court disaster.

The greatest misfortune that has befallen Albania in modern times was the opening of the Balkan railway to Salonica, which tapped the entire trade of the country, except the narrow strip on the sea-coast. It meant stagnation to cities like Scutari, Elbassan, and Yanina, and ruin to the ports of Durazzo and Avlona. The trade of Prisrend and all the districts near, which formerly went along the Drin valley route to Scutari and Dulcigno or San Giovanni di Medua, was diverted to the railway which ran close by. The commerce of Monastir, Ochrida, and, in a less degree, of Elbassan, which found an outlet at Durazzo, was completely lost when the line was extended from Salonica to Monastir. Salonica is the great rival of the Albanian ports, but if the railway system is properly built, much of the old trade will be recovered and turned towards the Adriatic, Italy, and Trieste. Another help to trade in the interior would be the regulating of the Drin, which at present is a torrent, and a hindrance rather than an aid to traffic. The great plain of the Zadrima, to the south and east of Scutari, will have to be taken in hand by the engineers, and properly drained by keeping the Drin, the Boiana, and the Kiri to their own river-beds. When that is done docks might be built at Alessio and San Giovanni di Medua.

Politically, Albania will require to be saved from her friends no less than guarded from her enemies. She will be surrounded by Slavs on the north and east, and by Greeks on the south, and her neighbors will do all that they can to strangle her with a view to that final partition which has been denied them now. Against these open foes Europe will be on guard, but a more insidious danger is the friendship of Austria and Italy, which, especially in the case of Austria, may easily become overburdensome. On the Italian side the danger is now small. Albania has always been most friendly with her neighbor, for Italy has generally been the refuge of exiles from the Turkish shore of the Adriatic, and many villages in South Italy are entirely of Shkypetar descent. No doubt Italy will see to it that Albania does not become an appanage of Austria, but very little help will be needed, for with the Albanian independence is life, and he has fought for it against all comers.

The natural and easiest line for the new principality to take is an understanding or alliance with Greece. At the present moment Greece is the ally of Bulgaria and Servia, but this state of things will end when peace really begins. The Greeks and the Albanians are the only two non-Slavonic peoples south of the Danube, and they are outnumbered many times by the hordes of Slavs. If they are to exist another fifty years the kingdom of Greece and the federal principality of Albania must become allies, under the protection of Europe. The two races are kindred, they have the same hatred of the Slav, and they are equally in danger of being wiped off the map by a Big Bulgaria or a Greater Servia. Their command of the Levant gives them a position of mastery, but only by an alliance can they get the full benefit of it, and avoid being swept away by the Slavonic races. The enemy is now no longer the Turk; for the Albanian and the Greek he is the Bulgar and the Serb; for the Bulgar and the Serb he is the Teuton. In a very few years the Near Eastern Question will resolve itself into the struggle of the Slav and the Teuton, and in an alliance with Greece Albania may have a great part to play in the future.

Wadham Peacock.

(Formerly Private Secretary to H.B.M. Consul-General in North Albania.)

OUT OF WORK.

I am "out of work."

Long spells of unemployment give one time to think, and the misery one sees and endures provides the material for reflection. The misery is inarticulate. Our newspapers chronicle its extreme results in theft, violence or starvation, but leave unrecorded the wild revolt or dull despair which are its daily accompaniment; they must describe things strange and striking and leave on one side the trivial miseries and the ceaseless gnawings of despair. The great voices of our land do not utter it because they feel it not, their very greatness prevents them from knowing the starvation that stabs and the misery that corrodes. The Church knows dimly the despair of the chosen of Christ, and although many of her children unselfishly strive to heal it, their mother is, alas, in league with the oppressor. The philanthropist gives without personal contact with the recipients of his charity, the politician is absorbed in the Parliamentary struggle, the merchant reads the statistics of the trade boom and is content.

Meanwhile, we, the despairing and dispossessed, fester in dark slums and alleys, or wander desolately in search of work. Day by day we see our wives droop and wither, hear our children cry for the food we cannot give them, and feel fall drop by drop upon our hearts the corroding acid of despair. While our children yet slumber we go forth in the morning with perhaps a little hope in our hearts, and return at night after a fruitless search for work, to be stricken by the wife's mute despairing look of interrogation, and be anguished by our children's bitter cries. We see our few sticks of furniture gradually exchanged for the pawntickets that lie in an old jar on the mantelpiece, until that terrible day comes when we cannot even pay the rent and the broker's men turn us into the street. Only those who know what the "house" means to the poor can understand our misery and despair when we see no escape from its portals.

I am of the depths, and out of the depths I speak. Thousands of those around me do not know the meaning of change or color in their lives, their existence is a perpetual monotonous struggle with poverty. Starved in babyhood, starved in childhood, starved in manhood, such is their life's epitome. No wonder many are degraded into miserable creatures of apathy, ignorance and disease, doomed to a slow suicide by the community which refuses them a fulness of life. No wonder many lie and thieve and murder and prostitute their bodies; no wonder their language is filthy and their few amusements brutal and degraded.

And over this festering mass passes, gay, triumphant and elate, the pageant of what we call civilization. The musician composes, the artist paints, the writer evolves in beauty the splendid creations of his brain, over the filth and horror of our great cities. The æsthetic puts forth theories of art and the soul into a world which denies both to many of its denizens, the theologian talks of God, and the politician of Empire to those who are debarred from any real feeling for the one or the other. The newspapers chronicle pomps and splendors, the journals contain eulogistic descriptions of inventions which advance the graces and delicacies of life, whilst thousands drag out miserable existences in mean streets, rot in alleys, fester in slums. Over the dark, inarticulate tragedy of

the poor pass the rich in the Juggernaut car of civilization.

In a land where wealth is produced as easily as water and as regularly as daylight we suffer from its lack. And we are silent, we have no voice in press, pulpit or platform. The a athy of the most forlorn to their own condition is a thing for wonder and pity. They starve, yet seldom complain; they suffer from anæmia, consumption and many other diseases caused by malnutrition, and yet they are silent. Their children fade before their eyes, like lilies bearing leaf in lieu of flower, their wives become listless drudges, the grave looms before them ere their allotted span, and yet their eyes are not opened. I live amongst them every day, I know them as no priest or politician knows them, with them I struggle and suffer, and their patience would seem a farce were it not a tragedy. But I cannot share it, I feel as though I must speak out; although I participate in their suffering I cannot share their silence.

The Government's pretence of social reform does not touch this misery, indeed in some cases accentuates it by throwing the burden of relief upon the poor themselves, and in all cases exacerbates it by creating a horde of meddlesome officials who worry and oppress. As for the Church, although holding the platform of the nation and having a splendid organization, it is almost silent on matters social. That clergymen *can* display activity is seen by the fact that at a few days' notice seven thousand attended the "Miracle." But the "miracle" of abolishing poverty is not for them.

But enough of generalization, I will speak of things concrete. I am a house-painter, like my father before me. I well remember his desperate struggle to live; my brothers and sisters forced out to work at an early age; our miserable home, frequently broken up by the entrance of the broker's man. Seared upon my heart is the memory of being taken from a bed of fever and laid upon the floor in order that the remnants of our "home" might be carted away, whilst my mother sobbed and my father stood by in stony and impotent despair.

I could but follow my father's trade; his fate was mine, his knowledge my knowledge; into the mill that had crushed him I was bound to enter. And it has crushed *me*. When I was young I could only obtain regular employment during the summer, in the winter I was forced into all kinds of casual occupation to live. Nevertheless they were my palmy days, for I worked regularly quite half the year and lived in the modified affluence of the poor. In them I married, for although poor I must plead guilty to the possession of some human feeling. I watched the children come without serious inquietude until they numbered four, for was I not in regular employment half the year?

Now I am old—very, very old, and hope has deserted me. I am too old for my world to have need of me, for I am forty. I see the strong, youthful painters getting the jobs I ask for with imploring eyes; I see them marrying and getting children, careless in their young strength of the time when they, too, will be forty. I get an odd job now and again; I am subservient to employers; I cringe to foremen, expecting every moment to see the "sack" in their eyes. In the winter I get no work at all, my children are too young to labor as their father is too old; the "upkeep" of the "home" falls upon the wife.

What suffering, what despair, what irony! In literature, in art, in politics, a man is exceptionally fortunate if he "arrive" by the time he is forty, he is then at the plenitude of his powers, if the plaudits of fame ever ring in

his ears it is then. He can sit at his hearth by his wife and children and think with serene content that if he be spared he has twenty or more years in which to shield them. He can send his sons forth well equipped to the battle of life; he can guard his girls from its dangers; he can look forward to a serene old age with the company of his wife and the support of his children. But just when the professional man, the politician, or the artist is coming into his kingdom mine is lost to me for evermore. And if I can manage to live upon my wife and children until I am seventy I get a pension of five shillings a week!

Do not think my case an isolated one, there are thousands as badly, or worse off than I. For example, there is a "pound a week" man living in my street. He is in regular employment, as we understand the phrase. He is married and has two children. He and his wife are perpetually quarrelling over mean and petty things, for one of the most dreadful results of extreme poverty is the exacerbation of temper caused by indigestion arising from eating cheap adulterated food, living in dirt and squalor, and the thousand and one irritations of cramped activities and unassuaged desires. The impossibility of retaining one's self-respect leads to such a degradation of the soul that the weaker cannot even maintain the semblance of decent speech and conduct before those they should love and cherish. The pound a week man is honest and under better circumstances would be decent, but the frequent victory of bread in the struggle between it and soap for the last halfpenny has undermined his self-respect.

This man rises very early and frequently leaves for work without the longed-for cup of tea, for the penny in the slot gas meter is too heartless to give more than a pennyworth of gas for a penny. He takes sixpence with him for breakfast and dinner, he must walk to work, if he rides the extravagance is felt at home and a "row" ensues, for his wife will dock his bloater for tea. After a hard day's work he arrives home tired and spiritless, to find the children hungry and fretful, or his wife gone to Mrs. Brown's to borrow a penny to buy coals, or some other provocative of irritation.

Here is his weekly budget:—

	s.	*d.*
Rent (one room, ...	3	3
Insurance	0	10
Coals	1	8
Gas, and light accessories ..	1	3
Firewood	0	3½
Matches	0	0½
Soap, soda, starch, blue ..	0	4
Blacklead and blacking ..	0	1
His shaving and children's haircutting	0	6
Needles and cotton	0	1
Boot repairing	0	3
Replacing crockery ware ..	0	1
Weekly newspaper	0	1
Weekly Picture Palace ..	0	3
Family tram rides	0	3
Father's Saturday gift to children	0	2
	9	5

This leaves him ten shillings and sevenpence with which to purchase food, clothing, boots, beer, tobacco, etc., for himself, wife and children. Is it to be wondered he "nags" at home, and that the miserable drudge who rolls that Sisyphean sovereign up the steep hill of life every week returns him word for word?

The pound a week man once took a small house, but was turned out by an unscrupulous landlord. He let the top rooms to lodgers, who complained that the rain leaked through the roof, and threatened to leave. Their retention was a vital matter to him, so although his rent was in arrears he spoke to the landlord. The latter replied he would execute the repairs when the rent was

paid, and he was forced to accept that answer in silence. But the lodgers wrote to the sanitary inspector; he took action; the landlord did the repairs; put the brokers in and turned the pound a week man into the street.

And I, an old man of forty, how do I live in this Empire upon which the sun never sets? In the summer I get casual employment in my trade, in the winter I help my wife make shirts at from sevenpence to a shilling the dozen. Yes, I, one of God's Englishmen, an inheritor of our pomps and glories, bend over the sewing machine day after day and night after night, making shirts. Even that is not enough to keep us from the workhouse, we have poor relief as well!

I am old; very, very old, for I am forty; but the golden age of declining years is not for me. I must work on after I am too old to work, my great age does not remove but merely degrades my labor. Sometimes I lie upon my miserable bed racked with sciatica, but the looming demon of starvation will not let me rest, he drags his slave up to make shirts for other slaves at sevenpence the dozen.

What degradation, what suffering, what irony! I am old and bowed and broken; there is no sunlight in my world; the star of hope has left my sky; and yet as I bend over my sewing-machine the weary nights I know that not far from me the earth calls its chosen to a splendid fulness of joy. Amid the whirr of the machine I hear music; imagination's eye sees in my hovel the resplendent pomp of court pageants; I hear the plaudits of delighted multitudes in vast theatres; I see beautifully dressed dancers circling now swiftly, now slowly, in brilliant halls. For I love life, I have that in me which tells me I could savor its wine with zest, and the misery amidst which I live exalts the pleasures I have lost. I could hold up my hands to the sunlight with joy; I could sit in spring woods and listen to the carolling of birds with upliftment of heart; I could watch gorgeous sunsets with that keen joy which is akin to sadness; I feel within myself a capacity for the highest pleasures of humanity, and the knowledge that they are denied me fills the misery of my life with an acrid irony.

Useless to tell me that those who have these things are not happy, for how much more miserable am I? For at least they have the opportunity of happiness; if they are unhappy it is because of some flaw in themselves, whereas my misery springs from things external.

I shall go down into dust as so many others, and over my machine will bend others as wretched as I. In every city of this land so rich and powerful, at every hour of the day and night, in factory, workshop and hovel, toil the inarticulate millions who know not it is good to be alive. From cradle to grave they go and gather much sad and bitter knowledge, but the supreme sense that life is a potentiality of joy is not for them; from birth they are dispossessed of life's best heritage, and doomed to live devoid of hope and light. Beneath our boasted civilization, beneath our outwardly splendid Empire, festers and corrodes an overwhelming mass of misery. Who dares speak of Empire with such a canker at its heart? The outward fabric may glitter with an elusive splendor, but it feeds upon an inward degradation that will drag it down. The only guarantee of continued precedence is a free, happy and contented people, able to draw from life its meed of duty and joy, and the Empire that denies me and my companions in misery the fulness of life carries within it the seeds of its own destruction.

Oh, people of England, the starving poor are inarticulate but woe unto you

if they find voice, for even a whisper from man to man gives courage, and those who labor under a sense of unmerited wrong care not whom they strike. Deep down in their slums and alleys fester the vermin that gnaw at the heart of Empire; beneath the smiling vines of Vesuvius seethes the lava that will shatter and destroy. Awake, set your house in order, so that before external menace you can proudly point to the strong limbs and cheerful faces of your children, and affirm in the face of the foe those incontestable claims to continued Empire.

Senex (aged forty).

The British Review.

COLOR-BLIND.

By Alice Perrin.

CHAPTER V.

Sir Rowland moved from the despised hotel to the Commissioner's bungalow together with a Portuguese servant of repulsive appearance, whose name was Alphonso, and a good deal of expensive-looking luggage—the latest improvements in the way of tin boxes and suit cases designed for travel in the East.

He found himself in such agreeable quarters as a guest of the Fleetwoods that he felt in no hurry at present to continue his tour of India. In the early mornings he rode with the elder young ladies—there was always a horse to spare for him—though he was seldom their sole escort, and he did not entirely appreciate having sometimes to form one of a considerable cavalcade of young men. Occasionally they would join the "bobbery pack," and career over hard, treacherous ground that was riddled with holes and fissures in the wake of a miscellaneous collection of dogs pursuing various animals—hares, jackals, foxes, once even a hyena. Sir Rowland looked upon it as a dangerous form of diversion and disdained it as an idiotic imitation of English hunting. He was a good enough rider, but, as he pointed out to any one who would listen seriously to such objections, it was not a matter of horsemanship but of sheer *luck* whether one came to grief or not over such abominable and ridiculous country! Also it was highly unsafe to approach the ponies ridden by the majority of the "hunt." As often as not, being mostly country-breds, they would kick and snap and squeal fiendishly at all who came near enough. An attempt at a fight between two of these ill-conducted animals was not at all an uncommon incident; and if one of the brutes got rid of its rider there ensued a general stampede and danger for every one. "The field," too, behaved in a manner considered by Sir Rowland as "rank bad form,"—raced, straggled, chaffed, rode in noisy, frivolous groups. . . .

During the long morning hours, between breakfast and luncheon, Sir Rowland read, wrote letters, and made progress with his "Indian Notes," which he intended to publish on his return to England, though he told Mr. Fleetwood he had not as yet decided which of the leading publishing firms was to be entrusted with the production of the work.

In the afternoons there were tennis parties, polo matches, regimental sports, picnics—always some entertainment to which he was quite willing to accompany Mrs. Fleetwood and the girls. He was interested and surprised to find that Mr. Fleetwood seldom got away from his work in time for more than a sharp ride, or a men's

sett of lawn tennis before sunset, and that it was the same with most of his fellow civilians. The work of the soldier, so entirely different, was over earlier in the day, always with the exception of frequent additions such as camps of exercise, inspections, field days, and so on.

A tinge of patronage pervaded Sir Rowland's sociability. "It all strikes one as rather footling after Ascot and Sandown, and Ranelagh, eh?" he would remark to Marion with good-natured contempt; and she was traitress enough to agree, laughing, and felt more intolerant towards Indian life than ever.

Often in the evenings there were dinner parties and dances to go to, sometimes amateur concerts or theatricals, and Sir Rowland condescended to them all. He was now paying considerable attention to Marion Fleetwood, who knew that among a society accustomed to quick flirtations and sudden engagements, the possibility of her becoming Lady Curtice must already be under hot discussion. But at first she would not allow even Isabel to suggest such a thing to her.

"He means nothing, of course," she said with impatience—"probably he's engaged or even married to somebody at home."

"He's not married, at any rate," said Isabel; "he said, only this morning, he often wished he was!"

Marion's feelings, to record the truth, were a curious compound of reluctance and eager inclination. She was not in the least in love with their guest, indeed she barely liked him, but she was allured by all he represented, and she coveted keenly the wordly advantages such a marriage would secure. She knew that, should he propose, she must be violently tempted to accept him.

She yielded, at last, to Isabel's pertinacious endeavors to discuss the matter one night on their return from a dance. The sisters shared the same room, a room so large and lofty that the light of the oil-lamps, in brackets above the dressing-tables, barely penetrated to the further end. Even the two brass bedsteads, side by side in the middle of the floor, shone dimly in half shadow. Isabel turned the light higher and lit some candles. She looked at Marion, who had thrown herself into an easy chair and was flipping her long gloves abstractedly against her knees.

"Marion," she repeated, "don't be a pig! You might tell me if he said anything to-night. I can't believe he isn't in earnest, whatever you say. Why, he wouldn't dance with anybody but you, not even me, except that set of Lancers with Lady Hobson, which of course doesn't count in that way——"

Marion stretched her white arms, with a yawn. She paused a moment. Then said deliberately: "There was nothing really definite at all. And I tell you I don't know myself what is in his mind, though I fancy——" she broke off. "Oh! dear," she added, in vexation, "you know I hate talking about it. I would rather ignore the whole thing. I don't think I want to marry him—he's so swept and garnished, body and mind. But I do want to marry a title and money and position! There now, I've said it. And after all it's only what you and I have known for ever so long."

She rose and stood beside Isabel, who looked like a misty reflection of her elder sister. Isabel's hair was paler, her eyes less large and bright, her nose and chin not quite so decided; yet away from Marion she was definitely pretty. Both girls had inherited distinction of form and feature from their father; from their mother the excellence of their coloring and complexions.

"I suppose he really is well off, and all that?" Isabel suggested.

"Oh! yes, he's all right." Marion moved to her dressing-table to take off her jewelry. "The Thornes know about him. Mrs. Thorne talked in the most abominably significant way when I went to tea with her the other day. I know I got scarlet in the face, I couldn't stop myself. It seems that Colonel Thorne has actually been to Batch—it was let to some people they knew, and he went over there to shoot when the regiment was at Norwich. It's a lovely place, he says. Sir Rowland's father, the first baronet, bought it—he was a rich manufacturer, a Radical—"

"Why does this man let it, then?" wondered Isabel.

"He told me why—he prefers London, and travelling, and hates the bother of an estate." Then Marion forgot herself and said: "Of course I should insist on living there part of the year, and having people to stay—" She stopped abruptly, aghast at her own speech.

Isabel laughed, which was injudicious, for in Marion's present plight of mental disturbance it needed but little to set fire to her wrath. She raged self-righteously and unjustly at Isabel, who listened with exasperating meekness to accusations of vulgarity of mind, to vehement protestations of indignant disgust that it should not be possible for a girl even to speak to a man without being suspected of designs to entrap him into matrimony. . . . When she ceased, out of breath, Isabel offered, humbly, to "undo" her sister, and as Marion's dress fastened intricately down the back, and it would be clearly absurd to go to bed angry, or otherwise, in a ball-gown, she consented with suitable coldness, and permitted her annoyance to subside. In reality she felt ashamed of her outburst, and trusted that Isabel would now leave the subject of Sir Rowland decently alone.

However, after they were both in their beds, Isabel had the incorrigibly bad taste to remark: "Well, if nothing happens before he is obliged to leave us when we go into camp next week—"

"Oh! for pity's sake," cried Marion, almost in a spirit of supplication, "hold your tongue, or talk of something else if you must talk at all at three o'clock in the morning!"

"All right, I'll talk of something else," said Isabel with a trifle of malice. "At the dance to-night—last night I suppose it is now—Captain Mickleham asked me to marry him."

Marion raised herself on her elbow, and turned an astonished face, illuminated by the candle-light, towards her sister.

"Isabel! — Captain Mickleham? — what did you say?"

Isabel moved restlessly. "I didn't refuse him. He's got to write home to his people, and it must be a secret till the answer comes. I am not going to tell even Father or Mummy. You see he's dependent on his people for an allowance."

"Yes, he's a younger son—but Lord Baldwin's a rich man; they live in Belgrave-square, don't they? Probably they won't think the daughter of an Anglo-Indian official good enough—"

"Perhaps if you were Lady Curtice it might help a little?" suggested Isabel rather flatly.

"Well, I'm not Lady Curtice, and never likely to be," snapped Marion.

There was a long pause. They could hear the police guard outside changing with guttural exclamations and the rattle of accoutrements.

Presently Marion said slowly, doubtfully: "I didn't know you liked him—Isabel?"

"He's very good-looking—and he dances so well—" It sounded almost

as though Isabel was excusing herself. Then she added desperately, her voice a little shrill: "Oh! I know what you're thinking!—but there was never anything really between me and Arthur Dakin—"

"No, of course not—you couldn't dream of marrying an Army Chaplain! Fancy having to stay out here and look after Tommies' wives and families, and visit among the poorer class of Eurasians, and run work parties and bazaars, and have only a few hundred rupees a month to live on!"

Isabel sobbed—hard little sobs that she strove to smother in her pillow. "I wish," she whimpered, "I had never seen Arthur Dakin, or that he'd marry somebody else—"

Marion put out her hand and touched her sister's shoulder, huddled beneath the bed-clothes. "Isabel," she said urgently, "is it as bad as that?"

There was no answer. At the same moment both girls were picturing the young padre as they had seen him only the previous afternoon at a cricket-match—determined, tanned, athletic, in his loose white flannels, his honest, healthy face alight as he came up to speak to them, his eyes so tender as he looked at Isabel. They knew of his popularity among the soldiers, how excellent was his influence, how the men struggled with their failings at his persuasion and turned to him in their troubles, to find him always patient, just, and human. For two years had he shown Isabel so plainly that he loved her, but to her credit must it be acknowledged that she had given him but mild encouragement. Sometimes she did a little "visiting," and attended early service; once she had undertaken a stall at a sale of work, and it was doubtful if she would have troubled herself over any of these matters had not Arthur Dakin been the chaplain. But that was all.

She sat up and dried her eyes, and felt relieved when Marion spoke first, without waiting for an explanation of her distress.

"Isabel, you know you'd hate it—being a parson's wife in India, or anywhere else for that matter! You've got just the chance now that we've always wished for. Put Arthur Dakin out of your mind once and for all, and don't be a weak idiot."

Since their childhood Marion had been the dominant spirit of the two, had always found it easy to influence Isabel. She now proceeded to draw a painful picture of her sister's future as a chaplain's wife; a worn-out, prematurely-aged woman, health, figure, looks, spirit, all gone beyond repair, struggling to subsist on an inadequate income in a bad climate and to educate children as well; shabby lodgings at Bedford when in England, and old age, without savings, in a cheap boarding-house. She even made herself shudder with the ghastly presentment, and Isabel now wept in horrified dismay to think what might have been her fate.

Marion was quite genuine in her anxiety concerning her sister's well-being. She could not tolerate the possibility of discomfort, poverty, ill-health for Isabel, and no doubt she would have been angrily indignant had any one suggested to her that, far in the background of her mind, a little poisonous spirit of selfishness was urging her to more vehement eloquence, had increased a certain unworthy reluctance that Isabel should follow the real voice of her heart, feeble and undeveloped though it might be. Seeing that she herself had crushed her own tenderness for Tom Gray without mercy, she desired feverishly that Isabel should be just as stoical over Arthur Dakin.

"India's all very well," she went on, "for unmarried girls and senior people who can afford to be comfortable and

go to the hills in the hot weather, or have hill appointments. Here we are now with practically everything we can want, and I daresay more luxuries than would be possible if we were in England—but remember the other side of the picture for junior married people—horrible little stations miles off the railway—though it's true you would be spared *that* as a chaplain's wife—screwing and scraping on small pay, you know how seldom any one has private means in India—years and years of it to go through, the weariness and strain of it all, and the dreadful business when children have to go home of deciding between separation from them or their father. You know I'm right, Isabel!" she concluded, "and some day you'll thank me for the warning."

Isabel choked down a sob. "Yes, of course I know it would be awful, and I'll marry Lewis Mickleham, if there's no hitch with his people." She blew out the candle. "But I wish we were going into camp to-morrow instead of next week. I'm sick of men!"

Sir Rowland Curtice did not propose to Marion Fleetwood before they all went into camp next week, but, practically, he invited himself to accompany them.

"Is it true," he inquired one morning at breakfast when camp arrangements were being discussed, "that a senior civilian's cold weather tour is a sort of royal progress?"

Mr. Fleetwood looked up quickly, a piece of toast poised in his lean brown hand. His eyes glinted a little, but the rest of his face was passive.

"I suppose," he said politely, "you have also been told that the peasants are forced to contribute supplies for the whole camp, and that we never pay for anything."

"Oh! is that true, too?" Sir Rowland was brightly interested. "I remember in one of my late father's speeches in Parliament he said he understood that an inspection tour by a big official in India was about as disastrous to a district as a famine."

"John!" protested Mrs. Fleetwood, "how can you allow Sir Rowland to sit there and believe such dreadful things!"

"It would only be my word against that of his late father's informant, my dear Emily," said the Commissioner, with provoking calmness.

Sir Rowland glanced interrogatively from his host to his hostess. Fay, seated opposite, regarding him with grave grey eyes, thought he shone in person more than ever; his hair was so sleek it might have been varnished, his polished skin, his glossy little beard, his marbled eyes, and as for his finger-nails, they reminded Fay of the pink topaz necklace reposing in her mother's jewel-case. So that she felt she coveted it no longer.

"Perhaps," she suggested hopefully, "Sir Rowland has got mixed about dates? It was the Moghuls, you know, who used to go into camp with hundreds and thousands of horsemen and animals and followers, and of course none of them paid for anything, except Akbar, who did try."

No one paid attention to her. Sir Rowland was purposely deaf to Fay's speech, suspecting her of intentional impertinence.

"I must confess," he spoke with becoming hesitation, "I should much like to be in a position to say I had seen for myself."

"It's quite easy if you care to come into camp with us for a week or two," said Mr. Fleetwood, without cordiality.

Mrs. Fleetwood supplied genial persuasion. "Oh! yes, Sir Rowland, do come. Then in your 'Indian Notes' you could correct such a mistaken idea."

"I can lend you a horse and a tent,"

went on the Commissioner evenly, "and if, when you leave us, you are still under the impression that we govern India by a system of oppression and robbery—why, then I suppose it must be true!"

He laughed with good-humored indifference. He did not care, personally, what this fellow might think or believe about India, but he would prefer, for the honor of her British servants, that "Indian Notes" should not contain too many misleading statements. Here was one misconception that might perhaps be removed by the exercise of a little further hospitality; and the bother of a guest in the camp would devolve on Emily and the girls, not on himself, a prospect that did not appear to depress them.

Sir Rowland accepted the invitation with gratitude. In the station he considered it only seemly that the Commissioner should "put him up"; but to invite him into camp, he knew, was a different matter, and it was an experience that otherwise he might have been unable to secure.

"You like shooting?" Mr. Fleetwood inquired carelessly.

"Oh! well enough—but I've had so much of it at home. I've let my own shooting this winter with the place, while I'm out here. Big shoots nowadays are such a business. Should we have any chance of a tiger?"

"No,—no tigers in this division. I hope to get a month in the Terai before I go home—a last taste of the finest sport in the world! When you're after tiger you can stand such heat and discomfort as would probably do for you under any other circumstances. However, we shall get first-rate small game shooting, duck and teal and snipe, plenty of quail and hare and black partridge. Very good fun and the sort of thing you could never see at home. It's a great advantage to be able to combine duty and sport so easily!" The Commissioner was now a little more expansive. "Camp life in India has no parallel in other countries—in England to go into camp means opposition to the conditions of existence and suggests trouble, discomfort, and bad colds."

"Personally I loathe tents," said Marion. "There's no room for one's clothes, and everything gets ruined in boxes with perpetual packing. You can't see in camp looking-glasses, and the district officers and their wives are generally so dull, and uninteresting, and *Indian*. Most of the men can talk of nothing but their work, and the women's conversation is about goats and fowls and ayahs!"

"Marion, my dear, how you exaggerate!" Mrs. Fleetwood looked mild reproach at her eldest daughter across vases of roses, and dishes of fruit from the garden—oranges, bananas, custard apples, pomegranates, loquats. Then she turned amiably to Sir Rowland. "I look forward to our time in camp more than to any other season of the year," she said, "it's so peaceful, and the freedom, and the open air life is delightful. My husband loves it too. He feels in touch with the people; and then of course the sport—it's only these silly girls who don't appreciate it."

"And what about little Miss Fairy—does *she* like camp life or hate it?" Sir Rowland asked, smiling at Fay with the grown-up condescension that always enraged her. To be addressed invariably as "little Miss Fairy" was bad enough, but to be treated as though she were barely six years old instead of sixteen was intolerable.

Fay flushed and did not speak. Certainly she did not intend to tell Sir Rowland across the breakfast table, or indeed at any other time, how ardently she enjoyed camp life; how, for her, the days were one long happiness from

the early morning march from one halting place to another, till she fell asleep in her camp bed, in a tent that smelt of straw and canvas, to the sounds of servants' voices murmuring outside, the grumbling of baggage camels, the barking of dogs in the nearest village, and sometimes the united yells of a pack of jackals hunting across the plain . . . how she delighted in the change of scenery through which they passed, from jungle of dry grass and mighty trees to bare and barren wastes patched with coarse salt and stunted bushes, through cultivated land, and mud villages each with its tank and temple.

Instead of answering Sir Rowland by look or word Fay lost herself in a reverie—seeing again these Indian villages that so held her imagination. There was the patriarchal headman who came to visit her father, the hag-like old woman, the bright-eyed girls bearing loads of fuel or jars of water on the heads, the children so solemn and precocious, the babies wearing skull caps, amulets and bangles—seldom anything more. . . . And then the long quiet of the sunny days when she sat outside the dwelling tent, under great trees with beloved book or detested sewing, the crows and mynas, the squirrels and lizards making small stirs and rustlings around her. Everywhere a sense of leisure except at the further end of the camp, where the Commissioner's office tent was surrounded by a throng of natives and the machinery of administration was working at full pressure.

The facetious voice of Sir Rowland Curtice brought Fay back to reality with something of a shock.

"Miss Fairy doesn't mean to tell us what *she* thinks of camp life evidently!" he was saying.

"Fay, you are always in a dream!" rebuked Isabel, and Marion added, laughing: "Except when we are talking about something we don't particularly want her to hear."

The Times. *(To be continued)*

THE FAILURE OF THE OPPOSITION.

The sins of the present Government are of the kind that go before to judgment. They are so numerous, so constantly repeated, so boldly claimed as positive virtues, that, except on the platforms of Unionist meetings, there is no longer any call to speak of them. But in a Parliamentary system something more is needed for the proper conduct of public affairs than an active Government and an obedient party. The movements of the political pendulum may be irregular, but in the end it swings, and the harvest of a Government is also the seed-time of an Opposition. The only effective counterpoise to a Liberal Ministry, naturally and rightly anxious to make the most of an opportunity the duration of which is uncertain, is an Opposition possessed of a policy equally decided and equally comprehensive. It is not enough for such an Opposition to criticise, however effectively, the ministerial measures introduced or the speeches made in defence of them. As the years of a Parliament run on the electorate may in most cases be trusted to find out for itself the faults of the party in office. What it really wants is to learn something of the policy which the Opposition proposes to substitute for that of which it is growing weary.

Such a policy should have a positive as well as a negative character. It

should cover the whole area of ministerial aims and ministerial methods. It should distinguish between the questions which the Government ought to have handled differently and the questions which they would have done better to leave alone. It is not enough to reckon up the shortcomings of the present holders of power. To that should be added a clear presentation of the kind of changes which the Opposition propose to make in the next Parliament supposing them to get the chance. If the Unionists have a working majority at the next General Election, to what use will they put their good fortune? There ought, surely, to be no difficulty in answering this question. The Liberal Government has given the country a fair sample of the measures it intends to introduce and of the methods by which it hopes to carry them. It ought not to be impossible for the Opposition to show the electors with equal clearness how they propose to deal with the same problems and to overcome the same obstacles. To all appearances, however, this is just what Mr. Bonar Law and his colleagues do find difficult. The Liberal Government has made no secret of what it means to do if it comes back to office, but we look in vain for any similar frankness on the part of the Unionists.

Doubtless the first business of an Opposition is to turn out the Government But this is not its whole business. A policy has to be got rid of as well as a Government. The Opposition asks the constituencies to substitute one front bench for another. But unless it can show some good reason for making the change the invitation is likely to fall on careless ears. The electorate is too large a body to know much of political personalities, and the substitution of a central organization for the local committees, with whom the choice of candidates formerly rested, has made neighborhood, and the knowledge that comes from neighborhood, an element of very small importance in Parliamentary contests. The main element of Opposition success at a General Election must be a policy which covers as much ground as the ministerial policy, and covers it to better purpose. This requirement may seem to ignore what used to be the favorite maxim of Oppositions, "Don't give advice till you have been called in." That is an excellent rule in the case of doctors and lawyers, because until a case has been placed in their hands they must necessarily be ignorant of the symptoms with which they have to deal. It had also its application to politics when the choice of a Prime Minister lay with a Sovereign who usually exercised the function with an intimate knowledge of political persons and to some extent of political parties. Now the electors do the choosing, and if they are to use their power intelligently they must know with what kind of legislation the leaders on each side are identified. So far as the present Government are concerned there is no room for uncertainty on this head. Their history since 1906 is one continuous record of benevolence which has missed fire. The objects of recent Liberal legislation may be as excellent as its authors describe them. But good intentions will not excuse ignorance of results which a little consideration would have shown to be inevitable, or of the principles which should always govern the exercise of State philanthropy. Thrift has been discouraged, personal freedom has been interfered with, employment, especially among the poorest class of laborers, has been lessened; and, in return for these blessings, we have vast additions to the national expenditure, a corresponding growth of taxation, a mischievous multiplication of Government patronage, and the sup-

pression on a gigantic scale of Parliamentary debate. To submit a more tempting programme than this to the judgment of the country ought not to be beyond the powers of an Opposition. If the mistakes of the Cabinet and the ways in which their critics propose to undo them are plainly set out, it may fairly be hoped that the electors will return a House of Commons determined to give another Government a chance of doing better. Without this help they may fail to see any adequate reason for making the change. They will be assured by Liberal candidates and Liberal canvassers that the advent of the Golden Age is merely delayed, and that a renewal of the ministerial commission is all that is needed to turn hope into fruition. The best way to get these confident assurances valued at their real worth is to produce an alternative policy which shall be at once less costly in execution and less problematical in results.

Does the present Opposition fulfil these requirements? Has it given any clear exposition of Ministerial errors? Has it distinguished between what the Government have done badly and what they ought not to have done at all? In these days the ultimate objects of a Government are almost always good. The mischief lies in the ways in which they propose to attain them. Has this distinction been clearly explained to the electors? To take a single example. Have the real vices of the Insurance Act ever been clearly set forth? Has the front Opposition Bench ever confessed its error in covering this measure with blessings on its first introduction, or said plainly in what way it intends to amend it in the event of having an opportunity of doing so? I mention this measure first because it aptly illustrates the faults of ministerial legislation and the inadequacy of the Opposition treatment of them. The root principle of the Insurance Act is the extension of State compulsion to an area never before included in it. That the actions of individual citizens should be regulated by law is a necessary element in community life. Without it each man would be free to make himself a nuisance to all around him. But until now the object of this kind of legislation has been the welfare of the community. Individuals have been taxed, but it has been for the good of the whole body. The Insurance Act goes a step further. It undertakes to decide how a working man shall spend his savings. Until the present year he has settled that question for himself. In a great number of cases he has joined a Friendly Society or a Trade Union, and in this way has obtained benefits similar in kind to those promised him by the Act. But in many other cases he has preferred to put his savings to other uses. He wants to marry, and he keeps all he can spare for setting up housekeeping. Or he means to emigrate as soon as he can get together his passage money and a few pounds to keep him until he gets work in a new colony. Or he has others dependent on him—parents too old or too feeble to do much for themselves, brothers or sisters too young as yet to earn their own living. From the money hitherto saved for these objects the Insurance Act compels every working man and woman to make a weekly deduction. In future the savings of the poor—and of the poor only—must be spent in guarding against sickness which, in the case of emigrants will probably never happen, and, in the case of artisans, has been already provided for by their own thrift. I know of no stronger evidence of the growth of Socialistic feeling than the indifference with which this interference with individual liberty has been received.

The Insurance Act is unpopular

enough for other reasons, but I have hardly seen a reference to this, its worst fault. Socialists are at least consistent. If they made the purpose to which savings should be applied the subject of an Act of Parliament, they would bring rich as well as poor within its scope. It has been reserved for a Liberal Cabinet to set up a new distinction between wealth and poverty. The millions who earn less than 160*l.* a year are compelled to spend their savings in the way the Chancellor of the Exchequer thinks best, while all whose incomes come above that limit are left free to employ them as they like. But if Liberals in office see no harm in this eminently class distinction, some notice of it might have been looked for from Conservatives in opposition. Mr. Bonar Law did, it is true, promise to repeal the Insurance Act. But he found it necessary, before the evening was out, to substitute amend for repeal in this somewhat hasty statement of his intentions. Simple repeal is, of course, impossible in the case of an Act which has already saddled the Government with so many responsibilities. But the leader of Opposition might have promised to extract the sting from the Act. He might have announced that, as soon as he finds himself in office, he will propose to repeal the compulsory clauses, and leave the poor, equally with the rich, free to decide for themselves whether the benefits are worth the price asked for them, and whether, even if they are, they may not have good reason for spending their money differently. In omitting to do this when he was challenged he let slip a great opportunity for his party as well as for the country. Whatever Government is in power after the next General Election, large alterations will be required in the Act, but an amendment making State insurance voluntary instead of compulsory can only come from an Opposition untrammelled by the principles now in favor at the Exchequer. Whether it will come from the present Opposition is another question. I do not know that any indications pointing this way have come from the Front Bench.

Throughout last session the Opposition resisted to the best of their ability the constant use of the guillotine. But nothing was said of any intention to repeal the rules of procedure which make recourse to the guillotine possible. No doubt had Mr. Bonar Law made any such announcement he would have been reminded that the guillotine was the creation of his own party, and asked whether he only disliked it in the hands of his opponents. This is not an accusation that need have greatly disturbed him. It may be argued, indeed, with much show of reason, that the results of Mr. Balfour's device have been so mischievous that it would be wise to abandon it altogether. But the circumstances in which it was first applied were too exceptional to supply any reason for th use that has been made of it since. To suppress debate in the interest of public order, and to suppress it in the interest of a Government which is anxious to avoid discussion of its proposals, are processes so unlike that the first can furnish no justification for the second. The Home Rule Bill, the Insurance Act, and even the Budget of 1909, were measures that might have been immensely improved by further consideration — consideration which they could not possiby receive when half of the clauses had to be passed not only without alteration but without even the form of discussion. It is natural that a Government should wish to pass as many of its Bills as possible, and Ministers may well be satisfied with their success in suppressing debate. But the electorate may not be equally well pleased. Unless

there has been adequate discussion of every clause in a Bill they cannot be certain that their representatives have done their work properly. A clause which has a very harmless look at the beginning of an evening may wear a quite opposite appearance after it has been riddled by criticism. When the opportunity for such criticism is denied by a rule of procedure one essential function of the House of Commons is suspended. From an assembly in which the principles and machinery of a Government Bill are searchingly debated it becomes a mere Chamber of Registration. In the long run Ministries suffer from this cause as much as Oppositions. They get their measures through, but it is with many of their imperfections unremoved. Probably half the defects in the Insurance Act might have been remedied, with the full consent of its authors, had the Opposition been allowed time to point them out.

A yet graver fault in the methods of the present Cabinet is their indifference to the opinion of the Electorate. The theory at present in favor with Ministers is that a General Election gives the Government fixity of tenure for five years provided only that it can retain a majority in the House of Commons. When a Dissolution could be forced on by the House of Lords the constituencies had a chance of being consulted at less than the statutory intervals. Unfortunately this chance was only afforded them when a Liberal Government was in office. Then no Bill had much chance of passing unless the country had pronounced pretty strongly in its favor. A Conservative Bill, on the other hand, was commonly accepted without any minute inquiry into its merits. If the Parliament Act had merely removed this inequality all would have been well. Instead of this it destroyed the only machinery by which a questionable measure could be submitted to the judgment of the electorate. However strong may be the evidence that the feeling of the country has changed since the last election, there is no means of sending members back to the constituencies they are supposed to represent. The veto of the House of Lords is only suspensive, and the early measures of each Parliament are secure of adoption, though the country may have come to desire their withdrawal. The Home Rule Bill, which is often cited in proof of this unsatisfactory state of things, seems to me an unfortunate example to take. There is no evidence that the Electorate is at all excited by the prospect of its automatically becoming law. It attracted very little attention at the General Election, and I doubt whether it would have come in for much more had another been held last winter. That in this case the Government would have been defeated is highly probable, but it would have been mainly, if not solely, by reason of the Insurance Act. Had Ministers chosen to say this, they would have had a good answer to the taunt that they were afraid to face the country on the question of Home Rule. They were afraid to face the country, but their alarm had very little reference to Mr. Birrell's constitutional experiment. If the Lords had done their duty and rejected the Insurance Bill on the second reading Mr. Asquith would have been forced either to drop the Chancellor of the Exchequer's pet measure or to provide a verdict on the weakest point of the Ministerial case. Either expedient would probably have ended in disaster. In view of this startling instance of the unfitness of the House of Lords to exercise what is left of their power of compelling a Dissolution, it is difficult to be as sorry as one would like to be for the passing of the Parliament Act.

Does the Opposition compare favorably with the Government in the matter of readiness to consult the Electorate? We have seen that it threw away the chance of submitting the Insurance Bill to the vote of the people for whose benefit it was professedly designed. Has it shown any more readiness to subject its own favorite measure to the same ordeal? Mr. Balfour's promise to take a preliminary referendum on the principle of Tariff Reform gave great displeasure to many of his nominal followers. In the first instance his successor showed no disposition to renew the pledge, and it was only at the risk of a schism, which would have made short work of the political prospects of the party, that a compromise was effected. By some of the most distinguished Unionists even this amount of concession was denounced as a catastrophe, and many of those who do not go this length have busied themselves, from the day that the treaty was concluded, in reducing its significance to a minimum. I do not for a moment apply this to all Tariff Reformers. I am sure that many of them are quite ready to go no further in this direction than they can carry the Electorate with them. But it is impossible not to see that there is a large section of the party which accepts the present understanding with great reluctance, and with an intention of making its application as limited as possible. No doubt the temptation to make the most of a majority when you have got it is very great, and at present there is a real danger that in this particular the example of the present Government may be followed by their successors.

Upon another question—and one far more worthy of being submitted to the test of a General Election than Tariff Reform—both parties are equally in fault. By the side of the proposal to give the suffrage to women the constitutional importance of Tariff Reform dwindles to nothing. Yet the announcement of the Prime Minister that, though himself a resolute opponent of any amendment which would bring women within the operation of the Franchise Bill, he would, if such an amendment were adopted, consent to make it a part of the Government measure, and carry it through both Houses without referring it to the country, provoked hardly any comment. Yet not one of the political questions now under discussion involves a change so radical and so far-reaching as this. The fundamental relations of the sexes to each other are affected, in a greater or less degree, by the various proposals for the enfranchisement of women now in the air. The change may be disastrous or beneficial, it may have vast results or none worth caring about. But there can be no doubt as to the possible greatness of the question or as to its novelty, and upon any issue of which this can be said the constituencies have a right to be consulted before any final step is taken. The Prime Minister had no right to take any decision about the suffragist amendments until he had behind him a House of Commons representing an electorate to which they had been expressly referred. Happily the intervention of the Speaker averted the danger for the moment. But it is only for the moment. There is nothing to show that this reference to the electors is going to be made before the Parliamentary franchise is extended to women. Ministers and Opposition leaders seem equally willing to effect a constitutional revolution by the vote of a House of Commons elected on issues among which this one has never been included. Whatever blame is due to the Ministers who treated the opinion of the Electorate as of no account in this matter must be shared by the Opposition. Not one member, either

on the front or the back benches, challenged the right of the present House of Commons to settle the question. That it had been elected for quite different objects, that it had no indication of what the constituencies it professed to represent wished to be done in the matter of women's votes, counted for nothing. Members on both sides of the House went calmly on as though a single General Election had authorized all the constitutional changes that could be packed into five years without any further reference to the electors, whose consent to them was taken for granted.

Even upon matters which have been some time before the country there is similar silence on the part of the Opposition. I do not doubt that this is regretted by some important members of the party. We were assured not long ago by Lord Curzon that the agrarian problem and the allied subject of rural and urban housing are now under examintion by the Opposition leaders, and that he will be "greatly surprised" if, long before the next election, they do not present the country with a consistent and an easily intelligible programme of their policy on these questions. I hope that Lord Curzon's anticipation will be fulfilled, but I cannot help suspecting that he has more than once entertained similar hopes and found them end in disappointment. There is a sentence in Mr. F. E. Smith's recent volume on Unionist Policy which is typical of the attitude of his party on other questions than the one to which it specially relates. Mr. Smith is an ardent supporter of the principle of National Service, and if its adoption is so vital a necessity as he holds it to be, we may naturally look to the two chapters which he devotes to it for a forecast of what the Unionist treatment of the subject will be. Merely, it would seem, to go on with that "purely propagandist" work of which so much "remains to be done in the great towns before the problem will be ripe for its material solution." No doubt Mr. Smith is right in thinking that to pass a National Service Bill would be a very big job. But so probably will be the passing of a Tariff Reform Bill. Yet there are no signs of the advocates of that measure contenting themselves with "purely propagandist" efforts. The difficulties in the way of framing a really satisfactory land scheme will probably prove almost as great as those which Mr. Smith foresees in the case of National Service. Here also the Opposition leaders may be tempted to seek safety in "purely propagandist" efforts, and, in that case, they will confine themselves to generalities. There have been times when this would have been a wise choice, but I greatly doubt whether it is so now. For men who think that they can lose nothing by legislation, and may possibly find themselves the better for it, the Liberal programme will certainly have attractions, unless they can be convinced that similar advantages can be obtained, with less trouble and less delay, under a different Government. The Opposition Front Bench are apparently of opinion that this is not the temper of mind which they have to deal with. They may, of course, be right. The country may be so weary of King Stork that the accession of King Log may be all that it desires. I only wish I could regard this as a true forecast. What has been said applies to other questions as well as to those that I have instanced. The constitution of the Second Chamber, for example, is a matter of vital importance to the Conservative party. The Liberals cannot deal with it to any good purpose because Mr. Asquith has declared that no scheme in which he has a hand will provide for the absolute rejection, in case of need, of meas-

ures sent up from the Commons. For myself, I believe that this power will never be entrusted to any Chamber which is not in the main elected by large constituencies, on a democratic franchise, and on the principle of proportional representation. But there may be other systems which might be put forward with good prospect of acceptance, though they are unknown to me. My complaint of the Opposition is not so much that their proposals are bad as that they have made none which have any title to be regarded as official.

By way of conclusion I will only sum up what I have tried to say: It is not so much the promises of the Liberal Government that have bred so much irritation as the disparity between promise and performance. Some of them have proved quite unlike the pictures painted of them by their authors. Others have had wholly unexpected consequences. The condition of mind produced by these causes is likely, as it seems to me, to dispose the electors to welcome another policy aiming at like ends but proposing to reach them by different roads. I suspect that this view of the political situation is more common than many Conservatives think, and, if so, those who hold it will not be greatly attracted by general assurances that the Millennium will certainly follow a Unionist victory at the polls. If they remain indifferent to these vague references to coming blessings this victory is not likely to be won; and in that case a fresh spell of Liberal law-making will give the Opposition an ample interval in which to discover their miscalculation.

D. C. Lathbury.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

A BROWNING PILGRIMAGE.

In the spring of last year an unexpected opportunity enabled me to fulfil a long cherished desire to visit the places enshrined by Browning in *Sordello*. The occasion was auspicious, being the year of the poet's centenary, and the time at my disposal little less than that which Browning gave to the same object, when due allowance is made for the difference in the pace of travel between 1838 and 1912. Browning was altogether two months in Italy, but he spent nearly three weeks at Venice, which is outside Sordello: I had five weeks; but where the poet had a "diligence," I had an express train. I was compelled to begin at the wrong end, for whereas *Sordello* opens at Verona and works through to Ferrara *viâ* Mantua and Vicenza, I reversed the process, entering the *Sordello* country at Ferrara and leaving it at Verona. My object was not merely to see the places mentioned in the poem, but to trace, if possible, the dividing line between fact and fancy. To find how much of the descriptive side of the poem was imaginary, and how much was based upon the poet's direct observation, in the hope that by so doing light would be thrown, not only on the composition of the poem, but on the mode of workmanship of Browning himself.

Browning went first to Venice and stayed there three weeks, and his sojourn is responsible for the digression which forms the last half of the third book. From Venice the poet made his way to Bassano, which was the centre from which he studied the Romano country around him. Bassano lies at the foot of the Italian Alps, and in these days is reached by a light railway from Padua. It is one of the

most picturesque spots in North Italy. The town lies on both sides of the Brenta, one bank of which is flat, while the other is two or three hundred feet high. On the northernmost spur, overlooking the level plain that extends to the foot of the Alps, is the old castle of the Ecelini, now a monastery, but still retaining a tower or two and sufficient of the old walls to show the main outline. It is an excellent example of Browning's lines:

"The hamlets nested on the Tyrol's brow,
The Asolan and Euganean hills,
The Rhetian and the Julian, sadness fills
Them all, for Ecelin vouchsafes to stay
Among and care for them; day by day
Choosing this pinnacle, the other spot
A castle building to defend a cot,
A cot built for a castle to defend."

Standing with the town at its back, and the ground sloping away sheer on three sides, it commands the whole valley of the Brenta. Bassano, which was the real home of the house of Romano, is hardly mentioned in *Sordello*, save in the lines about St. Francis' Church, said to have been built by Ecelin the Stammerer as the result of a vow to the Virgin when in danger of shipwreck on his journey homeward from the Holy Land after the Second Crusade. The church is still there, built of old red brick, but the frescoes—

"Angels with aureoles like golden quoits,
Pitched home, applauding Ecelin's exploits,"

which according to Vercl are historical, have long since vanished, and white plaster reigns supreme.

Northward of Bassano lies the valley of the Brenta, rushing down from Trent through the Alps. It was a perfect day in mid-June when I set off on foot to solve the problem as to the grave of old Ecelin the Monk, for Browning, after relating his death at his private monastery at Oliero, complicates matters by saying:

"Ecelin at Campese slept; close by,
Who likes may see him in Solagna lie."

A charming walk of two miles or so by a footway beside the Brenta, shaded on either side by tall acacia bushes, through which the lovely greens and blues of the river rushing over its bed of white stones could be seen at every turn of the path, brought me to Solagna. Across the river, a quarter of a mile below Solagna, lay Campese. Entering Solagna, a rough pile of old masonry by the roadside marks all that remains of the mediæval fortifications. Inquiries as to the tomb of Ecelin elicited no response. Those "six hundred long sad years" have successfully eradicated the grim memory of the Ecelini about which the modern peasant neither knows nor cares. So I made for the parish church, with its inevitable campanile. Here, for once, I found a church closed, and the keys had to be obtained; fruitless inspection followed, and I began to fear that this, too, had gone, or that our poet had been romancing. But no, as I walked round the outside, on the north wall, built in horizontally about three feet from the ground is what was once the top of a tomb: the figure is that of a Benedictine monk, with crossed gloved hands and a cushion beneath his head. So Browning is correct:

"Who likes may see him in Solagna lie.
With cushioned head and gloved hand to denote
The cavalier he was."

I next made my way to the river, where I found an old boatman who ferried me across to the Campese side in an ancient *barco* of primitive construction. Here I inspected the remains of the old Benedictine monas-

tery, founded by Ecelin the Stammerer. The parish church is now built on the site, very possibly out of the old stone, and adjoining it are parts of the old monastic buildings, in these days used for farming purposes.

Around Bassano lie many other spots redolent of *Sordello*. On the south-west are to be found Marostica and Cartigliano. Angarano, a strong castle filled in those last evil days of the Ecelin tyranny with a crowd of political prisoners, is hard by. On the east, half-way to Asolo beloved of Browning, lies San Zenone, where the last tragedy of all was enacted, for it was here that "massy-muscled, big-boned Alberic," Ecelin's brother, fled with his whole family after his brother's death in 1259. Besieged by the enraged Vicentines, he and his whole family were captured and murdered exactly as Browning tells us:

"By San Zenon, where Alberic in turn
Saw his exasperated captors burn
Seven children and their mother; then regaled
So far, tied on to a wild horse, was trailed
To death through raunce and bramble bush."

East of this again is the village of Romano, from which the family took their name.

From Bassano Browning went on to Padua and Vicenza. The first of these towns is, like Bassano, outside the scope of *Sordello*. It was, however, the centre of the last Ecelin's most notorious actrocities and deserves mention.

During my stay in Padua, after the day's sight-seeing was over, I used to take my after-dinner coffee in the Piazza dell 'Erbe under the shadow of the huge Salone or Palazzo della Ragione and within sight of Ecelin's old palace. It was natural that amid such surroundings stories of that fearsome tyranny should come forcibly enough to mind. It was here, within a stone's throw of where I sat, that Ecelin beheaded by dozens the patriots and patricians of Padua. The families of Carrara and Dalesmanni, the Camponegri and many others were here disposed of, either singly or in batches, for real or imaginary offences. Perhaps the most pathetic of all is the story told of the fate of Guglielmo da Camposampieri, almost the last of his race, as recorded by Pietro Gerardo. This young man, beloved by all, was married to Amabilia, a daughter of Artuso di Dalesmanni. Against both these families Ecelin had a long-standing family feud. He had lately imprisoned, and finally beheaded in the Piazza, Amabilia's three brothers, and he now sent word to Guglielmo, through Ansedisio di Guidotti, the hated Podesta of Padua and his own nephew, that Guglielmo's wife, being a Dalesmanni, was proscribed along with the rest of the family. To save his wife Guglielmo left Padua, where his great name and popularity made him safe, even from Ecelin, and hastened to Verona to interview the tyrant in person. He was at once arrested, and after months of imprisonment suffered the fate of so many more in the Piazza at Padua. On this occasion extra precautions were taken, a large force of faithful Bassanese being drafted into the city to preserve order. So great was the dread of Ecelin, Gerardo adds, that no one dared remove the body, until on the day following some brave women, the Countess D'Aria and others, conveyed his remains to the family vault in Sant' Antonio. The thought of that young man's headless body lying all through the silent night upon the Piazza haunted me for many a day.

The connection with Vicenza in *Sordello* is confined to the incident of the famous expulsion of Salinguerra and Ecelin from the city by the fac-

tion of Este in 1194. According to the poem it was on this occasion that Salinguerra lost his wife and child and Ecelin uttered the vow to enter a monastery and give

"His life to God, his gettings to the Church,"

because his wife and child were saved. It was, among other reasons, to identify if possible the scene of this expulsion that I visited Vicenza. The only clue as to where Browning placed the scene is in the mention of the San Biagio Gate. In these days there is no gate of this name, neither is one mentioned in Pagliarini's *Storia di Vicenza*, printed at Vicenza in 1663, though a detailed list of gates and buildings is given. After some search, however, I discovered on the north side, close to the Porta di Pusteria, an old disused red-brick church, now converted to a school, called San Biagio; it is beside the river on the north side, from whence goes the road to Bassano. This is all probability was the spot fixed on by Browning as the scene of the action. The correctness of this is borne out by Pagliarini. The north-east corner of the city was the quarter inhabited by the nobility. Here, where now is the Church of Santa Corona (built in 1260 as a thanksgiving for the death of Ecelin and Alberic) were three streets, the Contrade "del Colle," "Il Palazzolo," and "delli Galli," full of palazzi. Here Ecelin had his residence with a "battlemented wall and tower" in the Contrada del Colle. Here, near the Porta di Pusteria, was the Vivaresi quarter, Ecelin's friends and allies. Thus it is reasonable to suppose that it would be from here that the expulsion would take place over what is now the Porta di Pusteria on to the Bassano road. To speak of it as the San Biagio gate, if not absolutely correct, is close enough to fact to make the poetic license pardonable.

"The surging flame—they fire Vicenza
—glee!
Follow, let Pilio and Bernado chafe—
Bring up the Mantuans—through San
Biagio—safe!"

There is, however, one difficulty in Browning's Vicentine geography which I cannot solve. In Palma's account of the cause of Ecelin's retirement these lines occur:

"People's amaze
At height, when passing out by Gate
St. Blaise
He stopped short in Vicenza, bent his
head
Over a friar's neck, had vowed, he
said . . . ."

Where is Gate St. Blaise? It is not like Browning to invent an imaginary gate, and yet there is no trace of any such name in Vicenza. The only faint clue I can discover is a sentence in Pagliarini referring to the Ecelini Palace, where he says, "Eccelino called the Stammerer had his residence in the Contrada del Colle . . . which had a gate in the wall of the city which led to the Prato dell' Asinello, which is outside the walls, between the River Bacchiglione and the ramparts of the city; the Prato dell' Asinello was where now is the Church of San Biasio, which was begun in 1462." "San Biasio" cannot be "San Biagio," which is within the walls; can it be "San Blasio," and was there a gate in the outer ramparts named from it? The only other explanation is that "St. Blaise" does not refer to Vicenza at all, but to some other city; that is, that the lines mean that passing out by Gate St. Blaise from——he stopped short in Vicenza, &c. Neither explanation seems very satisfactory, but I still think that Browning had some actual historical spot in his mind.

From Vicenza, I went on to Verona, following Browning. Here again, the local color is so slight that a visit adds but little to the interest in the poem.

One can sit in the Piazza dell' Erbe and wonder which was the old palace from whose balcony Sordello and Palma gazed upon the swaying crowds of citizens, furious at the capture of Count Richard of San Boniface at Ferrara, and recall the wonderful description of the scene.

"But gathering in its ancient market place,
Talked group with restless group; and not a face
But wrath made livid, for among them were
Death's staunch purveyors, such as have in care

To feast him. Fear had long since taken root
In every breast, and now these crushed its fruit,
The ripe hate, like a wine: to note the way
It worked while each grew drunk! Men grave and grey

Stood with shut eyelids, rocking to and fro,
Letting the silent luxury trickle slow,
About the hollows where a heart should be;
But the young gulped, with a delirious glee,
Some foretaste of their first debauch in blood,
At the fierce news."

Or look at the same scene from the balcony and stand beside Palma and Sordello, for we, like Browning, can "eat fernseed and walk invisible."

"And so the night flew on with its alarms,
Till in burst one of Palma's retinue.
'Now, Lady!' gasped he. Then arose the two,
And leaned into Verona's air, dead still,
A balcony lay black beneath until
Out, 'mid a gush of torch fire, grey-haired men
Came on it, and harangued the people; then
Sea-like, that people, surging to and fro,
Shouted: 'Hale forth the Carroch—trumpets, ho,
A flourish!' Run it in the ancient grooves!
Back from the bell! Hammer—that whom behoves
May hear the League is up! Peal—learn who list,
Verona means not first of towns break tryst
Tomorrow with the League!"

Beyond this there is hardly a trace of Sordello to be found in Verona if we except the grim notice on the walls of the old monastery of St. Giorgio in Braida referring to one of the most atrocious of the last Ecelin's cruelties. Here it is:

"Within this ancient monastery, Eccelino III. of Romano, suspecting them to be in sympathy with the Guelf party, had 11,000 Paduan soldiers, unarmed and prisoners, slaughtered, 1256."

The story will, perhaps, bear repeating. It was the supreme crisis in the tyrant's career. An army under the Papal Legate, crossed as for a Crusade and recruited from every town in Northern Italy, had surprised and captured Padua by the lucky burning of one of the gates. Ecelin at Mantua, distrusting the 11,000 Paduans in his army, afraid to disband them or even to send them elsewhere, finally retired on Verona, where he disarmed and imprisoned them in St. Giorgio. He then attacked Padua, failed to take it, and retired in savage anger to Verona. One writer, relating the story of Ecelin's decision to slaughter the prisoners, gives it in a form which suggests an element of grim truth. Ecelin, he says, asked the officer in whose charge they were if he had the names of his prisoners. Upon his reply that they were all in his books, Ecelin replied: "I have determined to present these souls to the Devil for the many benefits I have received from him, and I desire you to go with them to Hell

and present him the book from me." Most of the authorities state that all this huge number were killed either by the sword or by starvation. Pietro Gerardo, however, bitterly biassed as he was against Ecelin, gives a more reasonable account. Ecelin, he says, held a council to consider their fate, and, angered at the merciful measures suggested, dismissed the council, and calling in his satellites and butchers, to whom he was accustomed to appeal on such occasions, ordered them within eight days to "kill them all, sparing none." "These orders," he adds, "they carried out with such haste that in less than eight days they killed 2,309." Whatever the truth was the inscription on the walls of St. Giorgio will perpetuate the tradition of the 11,000 victims.

It is more than doubtful whether Browning ever visited either of the two other towns which come within the purview of Sordello's story, Mantua and Ferrara. The description of Goito Castle, near Mantua, is obviously imaginative, and there is no description at all of Mantua itself. There are, it is true, local touches as to Ferrara, but nothing so distinctive as to betray the eye-witness, or which a guide-book, an old map, and the *Parva Chronica Ferrariensis* might not have provided. As a faithful worshipper, nevertheless, I visited both places in search of information.

I was especially anxious to go to Mantua to see Goito Castle, and also to see if I could gain any light upon that strange problem of the flower "Eglamor"; readers will remember the passage at the close of the description of the burial of Eglamor, "the best troubadour of Boniface," who died of a broken heart after his defeat by Sordello in the Tournament of Song, or Court of Love as Browning terms it.

"A plant they have, yielding a three-leaved bell,
Which whitens at the heart ere noon, and ails
Till evening; evening gives it to her gales,
To clear away, with such forgotten things
As are an eyesore to the morn; this brings
Him to their mind, and bears his very name."

It was market day in Mantua, and a hot and crowded train did not add to the pleasures of the two hours' journey from Verona. But the joy of being there overcame all inconveniences. After buying a guide-book, I made inquiries as to how to get to Goito, and, to my pleasure and surprise, found it was possible by tram. From an artistic standpoint this was rather a come-down, I had imagined a long drive and a ruined castle on that

"One spot reclaimed from the surrounding spoil,
Goito . . . some captured creature in a pound,
Whose artless wonder quite precludes distress,
Secure besides in its own loveliness."

As the trams did not go until evening, I spent a long, hot, but happy day seeing Mantua, from the Piazza Sordello to the Palazzo del Thé. In due course I boarded the tram, which was a steam-driven affair, going from Mantua to Brescia. It was a crowded and unpleasant half-hour. They burn briquettes, not coal, in Italy, and clouds of coal dust are deposited in the carriages. Goito consists of a single street running at right angles to the tram line, and a few scattered houses around it. When the tram rumbled on I found myself opposite the Porta Sordello, through which one passes into the street. On the left stood a single tall red-brick tower which at once reminded me of the towers of Ecelin's old castle at Bassano.

This is the Torre Sordello, and bears the following inscription:

"A Sordello, gloria di questa terra, cantor d'amore, poeta politico civile, ardito flagellatore dei principi del suo tempo, collocato da Dante, nel piu fulcida luce recanti in mano il flagello anche nell'altro mundo.—XI. MCMIV."

I could not but feel that this could best be described as "highfalutin'." Next door was the Café Sordello, where I piously drank a toast to the illustrious memory of Sordello, coupled with the names of Dante and Browning, his excavators.

A quarter of an hour was sufficient to see the village, and having two hours to wait, I took a walk beside the Mincio. Browning's description is certainly not correct in these days:

"In Mantua territory, half is slough,
Half pine-tree forest; maples, scarlet oaks,
Breed o'er the river beds; even Mincio chokes
With sand the summer through."

Irrigation has turned it all into cultivation, and hatches keep Mincio from choking any more with sand. At Goito, at least, it is a fine stream, rushing under a five-span stone bridge. As I walked beside the bank I noticed an unusual dragon-fly, with dark blue wings and a bright green and azure body, and remembered the lines in *Sordello:*

"Flittered in the coolsome azure, damsel fly,
Born of the simmering quiet, there to die."

The use of the word "flittered" is particularly happy, for this insect does not dart like the English varieties, but uses its wings like a butterfly, giving an effect which "to flitter" very aptly expresses. With some difficulty I secured a specimen, and brought it in due course safely home. Before returning to Mantua I made fruitless inquiries regarding the flower, "Eglamor." It is just one of those baffling bits of special knowledge which makes Browning at once so irritating and so fascinating, and which nothing but luck will probably ever elucidate.

The other city in which the story of *Sordello* is laid is Ferrara. The action throughout the entire last half (3,000 lines) of the poem, though in point of time embracing only three days, takes place here. Richard Count Boniface, who with Azzo of Este has been besieging Salinguerra, has been decoyed into the city and taken prisoner. The Lombard League has interfered, truce has been proclaimed, and delegates from the League are discussing terms of ransom within the city. It is difficult to decide whether or not Browning ever saw the city whose affairs he describes with such power. A visit to Ferrara leaves the impression that there is nothing in the poem to determine the fact one way or the other. *Sordello* might have been written without ever seeing Ferrara. On the other hand, one can hardy imagine Browning omitting to go there. The local touches might equally well have been the result of personal inspection, or drawn from the *Parva Chronica Ferrariensis* which Browning studied in the British Museum. The location of the Salinguerra Palace of San Pietro, the association of Cino Bocchimpane with S. Vitale, are to hand in the *Parva Chronica.* While the other small points, the description of the walls, the mention of Salinguerra's scheme to link S. Pietro with Toma, and the correct mention of its location on the southern wall, might equally well be gleaned from personal inspection, or a map of the city. From the general vagueness of description and the lack of any positive detail work such as Browning rejoiced in, I am inclined to think he never was there. In every

other city mentioned, there is at least one touch that indicates the eye-witness. At Verona, we have the mention of the fountain in the Piazza dell' Erbe, commonly called the "Madonna Verona," at Vicenza, the Church of San Biagio, but at Ferrara there is nothing. But whether Browning went to Ferrara or not, the events which he describes are strictly historical. These events took place; they are not poetic inventions; the characters are real; and, therefore, Ferrara retains its interest for the reader of *Sordello* quite apart from the question of the author's visit.

The outstanding feature of Ferrara in these days is its quietness. Once off the Corso the visitor cannot but be struck with the atmosphere of sleepiness everywhere apparent. The broad, straight streets seem to be in a state of placid exhaustion as if their past had been too much for them. The old walls, nearly seven miles in circumference, completely surround the city, and contribute not a little to the shut-in feeling which the wandering visitor experiences. Forty feet high, and built of red brick, once covered with a smooth stone facing, they are now bastioned with earth on the inside so as to form a broad path right round the city. Ferrara must have been no easy city to capture in the days of mangonel and catapult except by treachery, of which, luckily for the besiegers, a plentiful supply was always on hand.

I spent a pleasant afternoon strolling round the walls, and reconstructing the scene of those three days so long ago. Beyond the walls it is still in many places marsh, where boys fishing for the croaking frogs are the only signs of industry. But the southern side, where, in my own mind, I fixed the main attack of the besiegers, is cultivated right up to the walls. My sympathies went out to the natives, and I doubted not the accuracy of the poet's lines:

"The burghers ground their teeth,
To see troop after troop encamp beneath,
I' the standing corn, thick o'er the scanty patch
It took so many patient months to snatch
Out of the marsh!"

On the rising ground beyond I fixed the camp of Este, and I wondered whereabouts it was that the Papal Legate Gregorio Montelungo—

"With eyes, like fresh-blown thrush eggs on a thread,
Faint blue, and loosely floating in his head,"

stood and gazed—

"A-tiptoe o'er the fosse
. . . . . .
After the flock of steeples he might spy
In Este's time, gone (doubts he) long ago
To mend the ramparts."

Nearer to the walls, no doubt, one would have seen the paraphernalia of war. The delegates of the cities of the League as they entered Ferrara would pass among them—

"The lazy engines of outlandish birth,
Couched like a king, each on its bank of earth;
Arbalist, mangonel, and catapult;
While, stationed by, as waiting a result,
Lean, silent gangs of mercenaries ceased
Working, to watch the strangers."

Within the city very little now remains except place-names to identify the Ferrara of Sordello. The site of the grim San Pietro Palace is in the south-west corner of the city, now occupied by four streets, of which the names "Via San Pietro" and "Via Salinguerra" recall the former glories of the locality. The circuit of the palace walls originally embracing no less

than three churches, San Pietro, San Salvadore, and S. Gregorio, extended to the Porta San Pietro. The gate has gone, but there is still a Bastione de San Pietro on the outer wall. Here it was that Salinguerra, receiving in turn Tito the Imperial Pietor, Montelungo, and others, debated the fate of his prisoner, Count Richard:

" 'Twas a dread, vast presence chamber, roughly set
In order for the morning's use; full face
The Kaiser's ominous sign-mark had first place,
The crowned, grim, twy-necked eagle, coarsely blacked
With ochre on the naked wall; nor lacked
Romano's green and yellow either side."

Beyond San Pietro to the east is the quarter of S. Vitale, where Cino Bocchimpane had his palace, and near by the Bastione di S. Tomaso identifies the "Toma on the southern wall" of Sordello.

Looked at as a whole, the visit emphasized the fact that Browning's power of imagination was far stronger than his observation. The amount of actual topographical detail embedded in the poem is extraordinarily small. What Browning saw was not places but people. The interest is entirely human and psychological. While the poem is full of wonderful personal detail, the vaguest generalities are bestowed upon the setting. Where a place is described in detail, such as Goito Castle, it is purely imaginative. But what Browning did gain from the visit was the sense of atmosphere. He has caught the spirit of the Middle Ages. Without any exact reproduction of particular spots, he has fulfilled his own conception of the poet's function, the power not merely to say what we have seen, but to—

"Impart the gift of seeing to the rest."

Anyone who has read *Sordello*, and then is fortunate enough to visit the scenes where the events took place, will not be disappointed: it is all there still, and we unconsciously feel that less surprising things might happen as we roam Ferrara than suddenly to come across old Salinguerra—

"Propped on his truncheon in the public way."

Arthur J. Whyte.

The Contemporary Review.

PAWNS IN THE GAME.

I.

Captain Clifton rubbed his chin thoughtfully. In form and outline it was a determined, uncompromising chin, yet to-day virtue was not in it, and, judging from its possessor's thoughtful frown, even the prolonged massage had not cajoled it into fulfilling the promise of its contours.

Ten minutes ago Captain Clifton had emerged from the bathroom clad in a vest and with a huge bath-towel dependent from his loins. Obedient to orders shouted from the saddle in the early morning, Nabi Baksh, bearer, had laid out on the bed two suits of raiment, one the mess-kit of Pollock's Horse, the other merely coat and overalls of dingy khaki. By the side of the mess-kit lay greatcoat and forage-cap, and in the latter lurked a pair of white kid-gloves. The toilet had progressed further by neither sock nor stud when the spell was broken by the gentle Nabi Baksh half-opening the door and asking—

"Will your honor eat dinner to-night?"

"Yes, I shall dine here."

Once more decision reigned in Fort

Tor, yet not without reluctance were the khaki overalls drawn waist high to the neglect of brighter apparel, and not without reluctance audible to all did the sturdy fowl yield its parting breath beneath the insistent blade of Nabi Baksh, dying that the Commandant might dine.

The prospect seemed to afford little pleasure to Clifton. The cold chill of frontier evening stole through the room, but he continued to dress listlessly and did not tend the dying embers of the log fire. His room at the top of the great square tower, though forced under triple expansion to do duty as bedroom, dining-room, and sitting-room, made a creditable show of decency and comfort in the face of difficulties. The walls were hung with the old-time muzzle-loaders of Tirah and the water-marked blades of ancient Kabul, while the floor-matting of plaited palm-leaf was almost wholly concealed beneath a carpeting of Persian rugs woven with the sober tints of autumn, not such as offend the eye with crude and gaudy aniline. Feminine tastes would have decreed the obliteration from the wall-plaster of numerous crumbling silhouettes, dating from the second Afghan War, but male sentiment preserved the features of these bygone heroes from such vandalism. For they had been men of the Border Frontier Force, the B.F.F., the immortal Buffers!

Clifton gazed on his possessions with a joyless eye. This afternoon the place seemed dull, triste, pathetically un-English. Never had it appeared so outlandish, so remote and lonely. Even the glowing girl by Asti looked out of her frame sadly forlorn as though she would fain cover up her ivory shoulders and take the veil.

The dried mud steps gave out no sound of human foot, and the hawk-like face of Sheikh Mir, the Afghan orderly, peered in at the door unannounced.

"A sahib wishes to speak with your honor on the telephone from Paltanpur."

Clifton covered the deficiencies of his toilet beneath a heavy poshtin fur-coat, and followed the orderly down the steps through the courtyard of the fort, where preparations for the evening meal were evident in all directions.

The men had had a long day. Out of the full garrison of one hundred infantry and eighty troopers, the commandant had taken seventy sepoys and forty sowars far out along the border to a point where a serious quarrel had broken out between trans-borderers and British villagers regarding a tract of land which had lain fallow for years, and to which both parties had simultaneously directed their ploughs. In the collision shots had been exchanged, and Clifton had appeared on the scene to uphold the doctrines of brotherly love, backed by a demonstration of force. With the aid of his astute Assistant, the Subadar-Major Pir Badshah Khan, he had composed the excited feelings of the rival communities, and had engineered a temporary solution of their agricultural problems.

The horses had now been tended, arms and equipment cleaned, and the men were scattered in little groups, at each of which a cooking-pot attracted hungry glances as it spread its savory scent in the evening air.

"Mark that!" observed a gaunt-faced sepoy to his mess-mates. "The sahib goes to the telephone. God send it be nothing to keep us out of our beds this night! I have had my bellyful of tramping."

"Ay, that telephone is an accursed contrivance," another of the group remarked. "In the old days, once the fort gates were closed at sunset, a

man could feel fairly sure of his night's rest safe from alarms. But now in the middle of the night 'tang, tang tang!' goes this devil's machine, and out we go in the cold night stumbling over rocks, falling into water-channels, with nothing more than stray goats to challenge. What do you say, havildar?"

Barakzai, the havildar or sergeant, who was the senior man of the group, wore the ribbon of two Frontier campaigns on his khaki coat and the white streak of a bullet wound across his weather-beaten forehead. He kept silent for a time as though weighing the new times against the old, for he knew them both, and then pronounced judgment.

"This telephone is a curse, because anything that brings alarms to those who would sleep is a curse. But the news it brings is good and trustworthy and comes from our own posts. With informers it is different. God knows what troubles I have seen from their lying tales! Nowadays we have more chance of success, and when we have success you have all seen how the dacoits lose heart and how raiding stops. Thus we come by more nights in bed. Therefore I say the telephone is good in its way."

"It is a strange device," remarked the first speaker. "What patience these Feringhis have! How many years they taught their fire-carriages to balance on iron rails till they learnt at last to run on the caravan road! Now it is said they are training words to fly from pole to pole without the aid of a wire. Our Pathan words could never learn that trick."

"The wire is best to make them travel straight," said another. "But for this spider's web how should we have ambushed the Afghan gang in the Laram nulla last year? Clifton Sahib was well pleased with you that night, havildar!"

The havildar smiled with content at the recollection of the night's work and his reward and said: "Yes, we killed two and captured five, and Clifton Sahib gave me two of their rifles on the spot. Two short magazine rifles! They have done good service since in my brother's hands. Thanks to their range, we gather a harvest from fifty acres of good land right under our enemies' noses,—land that had lain barren these twenty years because of the feud. When I go home on leave now I march boldly in, no longer crawling like a thief by rock and bush. But the sahib does not return. I wonder what may be in the wind. Listen," he said in a hushed voice, and they all stooped to his whisper, "we are likely to hear of that man again soon. He has moved from his quarters in Lagmar."

"What? Sultan?" queried a clumsy young recruit.

A tremor of excitement ruffled the group at the mention of that name of ill-omen, and threw the over-bold youth into an access of self-consciousness.

"Ay," rejoined the havildar with a contemptuous glance, "you chatter like a woman at the public baths. Sultan, Sultan, Sultan, since you must name him! Khan Sahib Sultan Khan Bahadur if you like! By the time you have earned your stripe you will not speak of him so glibly. The moon rises one hour after midnight. The dark nights are upon us again. He and his gang have not harried the border these three months. It is common talk that they have worn out their welcome with the Durani governor. He has eaten a royal share of their loot and is hungry for more."

Meanwhile Clifton had found his way to the telephone-box in the quarter-guard. At the other end of the wire was Tommy Dallas, Adjutant of Pollock's Horse, speaking from the

cantonment of Paltanpur, ten miles away.

"What? Not coming to-night? Of course you're coming. It's the Buffer dance, and you must have the decency to support your old regiment. None of your skrimshanking ten miles off! If you play the hermit to-night you'll make the regiment uncommonly fed-up with you. Do come, old chap!"

"Oh, I'm keen enough to come!" interposed the much-maligned commandant. "Fact is, I'm bound to be a bit anxious about raids just now, and feel that I ought to sit on the wire. The dark nights are coming, you know."

"Well, they're not here yet, anyhow. Now don't go and get Sultan fever. Just shows you want a change. You're to stay the night with me, if there's to be any night left, which I doubt. By the way, the Commissioner got in to-day with his fair daughter, and Bertha is to be there. Do you hear? Bertha!"

"Don't shout, you ass! He is back from camp, then?"

"Yes. Got in this morning. Well, very glad you're going to be a sportsman after all."

"Seems a pity to miss everything. I'll do my best. It's getting late and I should have to bring an escort. Will you put up six troopers in your lines if I turn up? Pardon the pomp and circumstance."

"Daren't trust your dirty ruffians in our lines!" said Dallas.

"They'll teach your soft-seated rookies to mind their rifles," retorted Clifton. "Well, thanks for ringing me up. *Au revoir*, my son, unless you hear otherwise."

Wherewith Clifton hung up the receiver and walked off without awaiting further sarcasm from Tommy Dallas. In the courtyard he called up the Rissaldar, and, having ordered a two-horse tonga and an escort of six sowars, mounted to his room in the tower, leaving word that Subadar-Major Pir Badshah Khan was to come to him at once.

Pir Badshah Khan, Subadar-Major and senior native officer of the Irregular Border Force, was a man who deserved well of the British Empire in India. He had grown grey in its service, for his memory carried him back to the day when our ill-fated envoy Cavagnari rode through the Khyber Pass never to return. For thirty years he had played a hand in the game of border politics. Very far from comprehending the high policy which permitted a great power to suffer in patience continual pin-pricks from the unruly tribes on its border, he fully understood how best to assist the British Government to maintain its prestige in spite of itself.

He was a Pathan of priestly descent, a strict but broad-minded Mahomedan whose fanatical impulses had yielded to enlightenment and to contact with a race of unbelievers whom he admired. Long experience in border work had given him a thorough grasp of border affairs and a deep insight into tribal feeling not only in its broader movements ebbing and flowing between friendly tolerance and fanatical hatred of the gigantic and infidel Empire now overshadowing the ancestral hills, but in its minor manifestations of feud and foray.

He was a master of intrigue, and while others were struggling to feel their way in the bewildering maze of trans-border feud and faction, his knowledge of Pathan nature and his well-organized and elastic system of secret service had won him a reputation for almost supernatural cunning. His finger was on the tribal pulse, and his influence was felt not only in the greybeards' councils and in the distant mosque, but was exercised to sow the fatal seed of mutual mistrust in the raiders' gang.

Strange that such a man should serve as the subordinate of a British captain, aged thirty-one! Stranger still that he should accept the position without protest and yield honest devotion to his youthful commandant! Yet no one better appreciated the advantage of this arrangement than the shrewd Pir Badshah Khan. The control of the border exercised by the commandant of Fort Tor involved heavy responsibilities which the Subadar-Major was neither able nor willing to undertake. In frontier work where delicate questions of policy harass the administration, it is not unnatural that native officials should prefer that a shield should stand between them and the risk of failure and discredit.

From the point of view of the British Government there were other cogent considerations. Much as Pir Badshah Khan's virtues were appreciated, experience has shown that his moral code was somewhat too loose and Machiavellian to fit in with British ideals. These ideals are inbred, and are not easily acquired by an alien, to whom they must often appear unsound. It is, for instance, a tradition of British rule that a malefactor who has escaped across the border into independent tribal territory is in sanctuary, however desirable it may be that his days should be speedily terminated. On venturing near British territory he once more enters the danger zone.

Now it irked the venerable Pir Badshah to watch these slow-grinding mills of Government, and to contemplate the quarry near at hand, yet unharmed. Poison or the assassin's knife were to be had almost for the asking, and the world was rid of a knave. His untutored mind could not appreciate the subtlety of a code which forbade poison in the cup promptly administered, and encouraged further crimes till ended by strangulation in a jail.

So after all a Clifton Sahib was badly needed! He bore the responsibilities of Empire, and steered Pir Badshah in the fair-way, clear of the muddy water.

The two men now sat opposite each other at the table in Clifton's room. Nabi Baksh brought in tea, and Pir Badshah rose and closed the door after the servant left. Other people had hirelings as well as he. The Hindu clerk in the Fort wrote weekly reports to the Governor of Lagmar. At least he thought he did. The letters came to Pir Badshah.

Clifton's Assistant had changed from his riding kit into the loose white garments of the East, half-revealed beneath a soberly-embroidered russet Kashmir *choga* or cloak, and he wore a peaked skull cap of gold lace, encircled by a vast puggaree of blue and silver. He was a man of heavy build, with a short grizzled beard and the pallid complexion of the well-born Afghan. His age appeared to be about sixty, and though his features showed signs of fatigue after the day's ride, his eyes shone bright and hawklike from beneath their shaggy brows, and his manner was alert. His attitude towards Clifton was deeply respectful, revealing that fine flower of Oriental courtesy with which the Western manners favored by a later generation contrast so ill.

"Khan Sahib," said Clifton, when each had drunk tea and lighted a cigarette, "I have ordered the tonga to take me into Paltanpur to-night. But I am not sure about going. It is getting very near the dark nights, you know. Have you any definite news at all?"

"No, sir—nothing definite," replied the Khan after a pause. "Hakim Khan of the Rohtas valley was here to-day in our absence. He left for

home again before we returned, as he has enemies, and had to race the sun. If your honor has a special desire to visit Paltanpur, you should go."

"Well, say just what you think. My old regiment is entertaining guests tonight, and as I haven't put in an appearance during the Garrison week . . ."

"Certainly your honor must go," interjected Pir Badshah. "Our men who come and go say that Paltanpur is gay, and that many sahibs and memsahibs have collected. You spend too much time in this jail-house. Is this Week a religious matter, sahib?"

"Oh, no!" said Clifton, laughing. "It is only a time of meeting friends and playing games. I wish we knew where that devil Sultan is. I should feel easier in my mind."

"Yes," said the native, lowering his voice. "My messengers are out, and I await news hourly. He grows more cunning. But had he moved in this direction, do not doubt we should have heard. Moreover, the moon rises at one o'clock. It will be time to think of him three nights hence. By then we shall know more. Certainly your Honor should go. It is high time you started. I will take leave. Salaam, sahib!"

Nabi Baksh entered, bearing a lighted lamp. He pulled the curtains together and stirred the fire. The room looked more cheerful, and Asti's girl seemed to smile approval.

"Quick, bearer! My mess-kit! I am going to the cantonment for the night."

"But, sahib, I have killed a cock!"

"Well, eat it, you villain! Hurry up, now!" exclaimed Clifton, sitting down to receive his overalls and Wellingtons.

Nabi Baksh, electrified by this unexpected windfall of lawful flesh, expedited matters to his utmost, and Clifton was soon standing, an extremely smart figure, in the silver and grey mess-uniform of Pollock's horse.

"Now, then! My greatcoat, cap, gloves, rug. . . . Good! I shall be back to breakfast at nine."

With this parting order the now light-hearted Clifton was down the stairs and into the tonga at a bound.

Gently past the quarter-guard, through the main gate facing the wide stony plain: then on the hard high-road let 'em rip! Less than half an hour of dying daylight left, and ten miles of dangerous road to drive. The mounted escort of sowars fell into place at a smart trot, while Clifton composed himself as he drove the sturdy pair to pleasant anticipation of the Buffer Ball. He was his own master and had no cause to reproach himself for his absence from Fort Tor for this one night. He had no fears regarding the notorious Sultan and his gang. The intelligence system controlled by Pir Badshah was elaborate and efficient. The messengers had evidently nothing special to report. He felt that a change of ideas would do him good. Fort Tor was getting on his nerves. In the last five months he had only spent four nights all told outside its dingy mud walls. He had been into Paltanpur a few times to play golf with Bertha, but since she went into camp two months ago with her father, Mr. Scallon, the Commissioner, he had stuck to his post in spite of sarcastic pictorial post-cards from Tommy Dallas. During the dark nights of the last three months he had worked his men hard and had not spared himself. The same grind would begin again in another two days. In the meantime nothing had happened. Probably nothing would happen. Of course, Bertha would be at the dance. He hoped the dear girl would be glad to see him.

"Guard! Shun!"

The sudden word of command woke him from his reverie. They were passing the small border-post half-way between Fort Tor and the cantonment of Paltanpur. It was nearly dark now, for the sun which sets behind the forbidding mountains of Tamastan leaves but scanty twilight as its rearguard. To the right stretched the rich alluvial plain of British India, emerald green with the young wheat, and streaked with the smoke of prosperous villages. To the left lay the border overhung by cliff and crag, grim, stark, and hungry.

Clatter, clatter rang the hoofs. From this point the road was better metalled, and entered an avenue of mulberry trees. Paltanpur was close at hand, and Clifton eased off the pace to a walk. For the first time he noticed that his escort, now riding in close order before and behind the tonga, numbered more than the six sowars he had required. Turning to his orderly seated at the back of the tonga, he said—

"How many sowars are there with the escort, Sheikh Mir?"

"There are twenty men, sahib," was the eager reply of Sheikh Mir, who had been bursting with conversation for the last half-hour.

"But I ordered six," said Clifton.

"Yes, but afterwards the Subadar Major Sahib gave orders that twenty men were to go with you."

Clifton sat up with a start, jerking the horses' mouths so that the tonga came to a dead stop.

What did it mean? Had Pir Badshah kept something back from him? Had he been quite frank? Clifton was worried.

"It is right that the sahib should enter Paltanpur in dignity with a large escort," volunteered Sheikh Mir.

"Chup shah!" (shut up) responded Clifton.

He whipped up the horses again. It was probably only the old man's excessive caution, but it was unsettling and vexatious. The tonga reached the top of the Mall, and any hopes which Sheikh Mir cherished of a state entry were rudely crushed when Clifton diverted his escort from this point to the cavalry lines, and drove on to the Mess unattended and lost in thought.

Sheikh Mir had never had such a dull drive.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile the bugles at Fort Tor had sounded the retreat, the flag had been hauled down, and the great gate shut for the night. Pir Badshah had performed his evening devotions on the mud platform in the courtyard, with his face towards Mecca and the setting sun. Ranks of the faithful had prayed behind him, rising and falling in waves of obeisance, taking their time from his corpulent person. Not a little of the respect he inspired was due to the sanctity of his origin shown by the hereditary title of Pir, and he was indeed a staunch Mahomedan of the old school, one who strictly kept the Ramzan fast, and did not put his hoardings out to interest in the infidels' bank at Paltanpur.

A servant had arranged the Khan's pillows, and stood ready to light the ponderous hookah. Pir Badshah sank deep into the couch, closing his eyes as he drank lung-deep of the soothing fumes, and made a marked effort to compose himself. But when the servant was about to leave the room he was checked by an order from his master.

"Tell Havildar Barakzai that I wish to speak with him."

"Very good, Khan Sahib. But it is past ten. He will be asleep and his door locked."

"Tell him to come."

Barakzai roused from slumber was hardly to be recognized as the smart non-commissioned officer of the day.

He had a long grey blanket thrown about him, a greasy red skull-cap on his head, and sleepy reproach in his eye.

The Khan dismissed his servant and bade the havildar be seated on the floor at his side.

"Yes, it is a hard life, Barakzai," he said, patting the havildar's shoulder. "Comfort yourself with the tobacco, for we must talk. Hakim Khan of Rohtas was here to-day in my absence. Did you see him?"

"No," replied Barakzai, coughing himself into wakefulness after a vast inhalation from the bubbling hookah. "He saw no one but the sentry at the main-gate, and on learning that you and the sahib would not be back till evening, he said 'Tell the Khan Sahib I rode over to see him,' and then he turned straight back in the direction of his home. Hakim Khan is not the man to tarry under his enemies' foresights."

Pir Badshah threw back his head and stroked his forehead with his forefinger.

"So he was riding. Was the horse in a lather?"

"Not that I have heard. In any case he did not stay to rest it. Perhaps he had borrowed it. Borrowed horses are the best. They go all day and need no food."

The elder man ignored this libel on human nature and continued: "Hakim Khan is a shrewd fellow. He came riding and left no message. He came once before when the sahib and I were out with a patrol. He left a Kabuli melon for me. In it I found sixteen pebbles, one larger than the rest. That day Sultan had passed near Rohtas with fifteen followers. Now Hakim Khan comes again riding and leaves no message. Does not that seem to say he wishes to warn us?"

"It may be so, but to my thinking you are over-anxious, Khan Sahib. To me it seems to say, 'There is news, but it will keep. To-morrow will do.' After all, you have other strings to your bow, and there is still a moon in the night-sky."

"None of my messengers have come in. I did not tell the sahib that Hakim Khan's visit caused me anxiety. Hard times are coming round again, and it is good that he should visit his friends and be merry this one night at least."

Barakzai gave a laugh and said: "It is warmly rumored in the bazaar that he lays claim to the hand of the Commissioner Sahib's daughter. God send him a bride from so high a house, that he may gain advancement!"

"Ay. May his suit prosper as he deserves! I too have heard the report. Both are of ripe age. The sahib is over-tardy in such matters after the fashion of his folk. At his age I had buried two wives," said the Khan Sahib pensively.

He stooped to the hookah but paused at the sound of hurrying steps. They came nearer. There was a knock at the door, and a sepoy of the guard entered without ceremony.

"Khan Sahib! There are two men at the main gate. They cry out that they are wounded, and indeed appear to be in sad plight. They use your name and ask admittance to the Fort."

Pir Badshah sprang to his feet, upsetting the hookah in his sudden alarm, and exchanged a glance of apprehension with the havildar. All three passed swiftly through the low verandah out into the starry night and across the courtyard up to the quarter-guard. The murmur of excited voices hushed at their approach, and the corporal of the guard stepped forward with a lighted lantern in his hand. Saluting the Subadar Major, he said: "There are two men wailing outside the gate. They say they are wounded

and that you know them well."

"You are sure there are only two?"

"The sentry reports from the gallery that there are but two men and no one else near," replied the havildar.

Pir Badshah gave orders that the wicket should be unbarred, and forcing his vast bulk through the aperture, called on Barakzai and two sepoys to follow him.

A slate-colored blur in the darkness slowly revealed itself as two human forms huddled side by side on the ground and whining miserably.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" demanded Pir Badshah in stern accents.

"Oh, Lord of an evil day! We are your messengers, Pasand and Shakur. This is the respect in which Sultan holds the servants of the Sirkar. It is unspeakable." The pair again broke into lamentation.

"Bring the lantern," said Pir Badshah.

The grovelling figures turned their faces to the flame, and a gasp of horror broke from the onlookers. The noses of the two wretched creatures had been hacked off, and their garments were sodden scarlet.

"When and where was this?" hissed Pir Badshah, with difficulty controlling his agitation.

One of the wounded men sank to the ground half-fainting. The other replied:

"It was just after sunset on the Kundag Pass, where the olive bushes are. We were ambushed in the goat track. We were bringing you news, Sirkar, bringing you news!"

Wherewith the speaker's head dropped and he sank forward with a groan of anguish.

"Fools that you are!" exclaimed Pir Badshah. "How often have I bid you travel apart! Are you sheep that you must blunder along in a herd? Carry them in and tell the compounder to dress their wounds."

He himself passed in last, pausing as if to listen, but the still night gave forth no sound. . . . Sultan and his gang at the Kundag Pass! . . . Then there would be a raid to-night after all! . . . Had been, perhaps, for it was after midnight!

The sentry closed the wicket with a clang and shot the heavy bolts home.

Pir Badshah turned to the corporal of the guard.

"Tell the telephone orderly to ring up Paltanpur at once. Call up the cavalry lines."

The telephone orderly stepped out of the instrument room and said:

"I have tried the wire, Khan Sahib. I get no answer."

"From which side, madman?" shouted Pir Badshah, in a fever of alarm.

"From all sides, Khan Sahib. The wire is cut east, west, and south."

J. L. Maffey, I.C.S.

Blackwood's Magazine.

(To be continued)

DICKENS OUTSIDE HIS NOVELS.*

Swinburne was a fine critic, but he is not at his best in this book. He seems to be always protesting in it against a depreciation of Dickens which is as obsolete as his protest. We do not now need to be told violently that Dickens was a great writer; and Swinburne here often seems a belated Jonah preaching to a converted

* "Charles Dickens." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Chatto, 3s. 6d. net.)
"Charles Dickens, Social Reformer." By W. Walter Crotch. (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d. net.)

Nineveh. Yet here, as always, he says good things. Thus he remarks that, in Dickens, where language is rhetorical and theatrical action is usually natural and credible, characters like Nancy and Mrs. Bounderby do not do themselves justice when they talk about themselves. "On the literary and sentimental side of his work Dickens was but a type of his generation and his class; on the comic and pathetic, the tragic and the creative side, 'he was not of an age, but for all time.'" At first he was popular because of those literary and sentimental vices which belonged to his age. "Little Nell" was thought to be his masterpiece; and then came a time when she was thrown in his teeth. But he would not have survived this reaction if his weaknesses had not been accidents of his genius, like the Elizabethan weaknesses of Shakespeare. His sentimentalities are forgiven because he was not by nature sentimental, as we forgive the anger of a hot-tempered man who is naturally kind. In the conception of his characters, in his whole view of life, Dickens is right by instinct. He only went wrong when he tried to make the public of his own day see that he was right, when he explained matters in terms which he thought would appeal to them. This rightness of his is proved by his successes in fiction and by their predominance over his failures; but it is proved even more clearly by his other writings, not much read now, but enough by themselves to give him fame if he had written no novels.

Mr Crotch proves the rightness of Dickens's ideas and shows in detail how he was constantly trying to dispel the most inveterate delusions of his times; but, though he speaks of the Miscellaneous Papers as "the richest mine from which he has dug," he quotes more from the novels. This, we think, is a pity, for a thousand know the novels for one that has read his other writings; and it is in the novels that Dickens most often obscures the rightness of his ideas with sentiment and rhetoric. Many people still believe that he wrote a bad style, that his way of writing is an obstacle to the enjoyment of what he says. This is true only of a few notorious sentimental passages; or rather it is not true even of them, for they contain nothing that can be enjoyed in spite of the style. But wherever Dickens has something to say that is worth saying, wherever he is not playing to the contemporary gallery, he writes as well as any Englishman of the nineteenth century. In the novels we do not notice how well he writes because we are so much absorbed by the matter. We are more aware of his style in his occasional writings, if we happen to know them, and also of the keenness of his intellect. Nothing grows stale more quickly than journalism, for the clever journalist usually expresses the fashionable ideas of the decade; and when that is past every one is sick of them and of the affected vivacity with which he has expressed them. These occasional writings of Dickens were journalism, yet they have not grown stale and their vivacity does not seem affected. They are written in a style which is not at all dowdy or Victorian, but which seems rather to belong to the eighteenth century, except that it is nearer to actual speech. Indeed, Dickens, when he was not misled by his admiration of Carlyle, wrote as no sentimentalist ever could write, with sentences as well balanced in structure as in thought. When he fell into poetical prose it must have been against his own better judgment, for he understood the peculiar virtues of prose as well as Swift or Defoe. Perhaps his poetical prose is so bad because he did not enjoy writing it and produced it to please

others rather than himself. He was not by nature a poet, but a creator, reasoner, jester, story-teller on the prose level of emotion; and he enjoys himself most and does himself most justice when he has no poetic ambitions. Those ambitions, when he yields to them, degrade his matter as much as his style; for they make him say things which we do not believe, as being contrary to our own experience. There is, for instance, a little piece of his called "A Child's Dream of a Star," the very title of which is enough to warn us against it. In it we are told of two children that "They used to say to one another, sometimes, Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water," and so on. This does not interest us, because we do not believe that any children ever asked such a question of each other or answered it so. Dickens seems to have thought that prose differed from poetry in that the one was concerned with truth and the other with falsehood; and that is the only point in his writings on which he betrays want of education. There he goes wrong systematically and, by reason of his energy, goes further wrong than any writer of his time. But when he is not misled by this error, when he is concerned with his proper business of prose, he is nearly always right both in matter and in style. Whatever his subject may be, he writes about it with an abundance of knowledge; he has no need, even in the hastiest journalism, to conceal poverty with airs and graces. For he went about the world noticing things without effort; and his slightest sketches are interesting because they tell us what he himself has seen, not what he has remembered from other books. Take, for instance, the piece called "Our Bore." It has only the excess of a good caricaturist, the excess caused by delight in the subject.

He was lounging among the mountains, sir, basking in the mellow influences of the climate, when he came to *una piccola chiesa*—a little church—or perhaps it would be more correct to say *una piccolissima capella*—the smallest chapel you can possibly imagine—and walked in. There was nobody inside but a *cieco*—a blind man—saying his prayers, and a *vocchio padre*—old friar—rattling a money-box. But above the head of that friar, and immediately to the right of the altar as you enter—to the right of the altar? No. To the left of the altar as you enter—or, say, near the centre—there hung a painting (subject, Virgin and Child) so divine in its expression, so pure and yet so warm and rich in its tone, so fresh in its touch, at once so glowing in its color and so statuesque in its repose, that our bore cried out in an ecstasy, "That's the finest picture in Italy!"

The whole piece is full of the high spirits of discovery and the precision of knowledge.

There is more exaggeration in "Our Honorable Friend" the member for Verbosity, but it is still only the exaggeration that discovers the absurdity of the absurd. The member, being asked by his enemy Tipkisson at a public meeting what he is driving at, replies, "At the illimitable perspective." When Tipkisson asks further what means that:—

"Gentlemen" [he says] "I will indulge my good friend Tipkisson by telling him both what I mean and what I don't mean. Be it known to him then, and to all whom it may concern, that I do mean altars, hearths, and homes, and that I don't mean mosques and Mahommedanism!" The effect of this home-thrust was terrific. Tipkisson (who is a Baptist) was

hooted down and hustled out, and has ever since been regarded as a Turkish renegade who contemplates an early pilgrimage to Mecca. Nor was he the only discomfited man. The charge, while it stuck to him, was magically transferred to our honorable friend's opponent, who was represented in an immense variety of placards as a firm believer in Mahomet; and the men of Verbosity were asked to choose between our honorable friend and the Bible, and our honorable friend's opponent and the Koran.

Here the political jargon used is obsolete, but every politician will recognize the truth of Dickens's observations in the catchwords and posters of his opponents. The begging-letter writer does not seem to have changed at all; indeed, one might suppose that he always reads his Dickens and learns his trade from him.

He has fallen sick; he has died and been buried; he has come to life again, and again departed from this transitory scene; he has been his own son, his own mother, his own baby, his idiot brother, his uncle, his aunt, his aged grandfather. He has wanted a great-coat to go to India in; a pound to set him up in life for ever; a pair of boots to take him to the coast of China; a hat to get him into a permanent situation under Government. He has frequently been exactly seven-and-sixpence short of independence. He has had such openings at Liverpool—posts of great trust and confidence in merchants' houses, which nothing but seven-and-sixpence was wanting to him to secure—that I wonder he is not Mayor of that town at the present moment.

But Dickens is best of all when he combines high spirits with just indignation, when he assaults Jericho with laughter. Here is a passage on the vestry that is determined to ignore a pestilence "raging at the vestry doors":—

Dogginson said it was plums; Mr. Wigsby (of Chumbledon Square) said it was oysters; Mr. Magg (of Little Winkling Street) said, amid great cheering, it was the newspapers. The noble indignation of our Vestry with that un-English institution the Board of Health, under those circumstances, yields one of the finest passages in its history. It wouldn't hear of rescue. Like Mr. Joseph Miller's Frenchman, it would be drowned and nobody should save it. Transported beyond grammar by its kindled ire, it spoke in unknown tongues and vented unintelligible bellowings, more like an ancient oracle than the modern oracle it is admitted on all hands to be. Rare exigencies produce rare things; and even our Vestry, new-hatched to the woful time, came forth a greater goose than ever.

Vestries may change their name, but they are the same in all times and countries; and Dickens here talks like Dr Stockman in *An Enemy of the People*. He was not a man of science, but among the writers of his time he was remarkable for a scientific belief in system and order which never chilled his humanity. Swinburne was provoked into a reckless attack upon Matthew Arnold by Arnold's injustice to Dickens. He would have answered Arnold better if he had shown that Dickens did more for sweetness and light than Arnold himself. He attacked English vices and follies with the more effect because he attacked them with English humor. He always seems to be one with those he satirizes, as if he were chaffing them in a bar parlor, not lecturing them from a superior platform; and it is the deadly result of this equality that he makes the aristocrat of the Circumlocution Office and the grocer of the vestry seem one in their absurdity. It was not a class, but a national weakness that he attacked. Whoever supports mismanagement in his own interest, muddling his mind so that he may believe what he wants to believe, is a vestryman for him, even if his vestry be the House of Lords. Whoever

would deprive men of their pleasures because he does not like to see them enjoying themselves is a Stiggins for him, whether he be Stiggins himself or a Bishop. Dickens is often called a Radical because he wished for many changes; and a generation ago he was sneered at as a vulgar man who attacked the rich from ignorance or envy. But there was no class feeling in his attacks upon incompetents and kill-joys, for he attacks those of all classes. He hates no aristocrat so much as Bounderby; and Bounderby is risen, or fallen, from the people. Nor does he hate Bounderby because he is rich. He dislikes Pecksniff and Squeers just as much, who are men of the class into which he himself was born, and from which he emerged only to belong to no class and no faction. Mr. Crotch quotes Lord Shaftesbury as saying that "God gave Charles Dickens a general retainer against all suffering and oppression." That saying, though its language may be old-fashioned, is substantially true. He was retained also on the side of reason and good-humor, and, as Arnold would say, sweetness and light; and he defended all these things, not with the high passion of the poet, but as if he were himself a glorified average man, one who made common sense new from the delight with which he talked it and familiar facts fresh from the vigor with which he applied them.

The Times.

GETTING MARRIED.

I.—THE DAY.

Probably you thought that getting married was quite a simple business. So did I. We were both wrong; it is the very dickens. Of course I am not going to draw back now. As I keep telling Celia, her Ronald is a man of powerful fibre, and when he says he will do a thing he does it—eventually. She shall have her wedding all right; I have sworn it. But I do wish that there weren't so many things to be arranged first.

The fact that we had to fix a day was broken to me one afternoon when Celia was showing me to some relatives of hers in the Addison Road. I got entangled with an elderly cousin on the hearthrug; and though I know nothing about motor-bicycles I talked about them for several hours under the impression that they were his subject. It turned out afterwards that he was equally ignorant of them, but thought they were mine. Perhaps we shall get on better at a second meeting. However, just when we were both thoroughly sick of each other, Celia broke off her gay chat with an aunt to say to me—

"By the way, Ronald, we did settle on the eleventh, didn't we?"

I looked at her blankly, my mind naturally full of motor-bicycles.

"The wedding," smiled Celia.

"Right-o," I said with enthusiasm. I was glad to be assured that I should not go on talking about motor-bicycles for ever, and that on the eleventh, anyhow, there would be a short interruption for the ceremony. Feeling almost friendly to the cousin, I plunged into his favorite subject again.

On the way home Celia returned to the matter.

"Or you would rather it was the twelfth?" she asked.

"I've never heard a word about this before," I said. "It all comes as a surprise to me."

"Why, I'm *always* asking you."

"Well, it's very forward of you, and

I don't know what young people are coming to nowadays. Celia, what's the *good* of my talking to your cousin for three hours about motor-bicycling? Surely one can get married just as well without that?"

"One can't get married without settling the day," said Celia, coming cleverly back to the point.

Well, I suppose one can't. But somehow I had expected to be spared all this bother. I think my idea was that Celia would say to me suddenly one evening, "By the way, Ronald, don't forget we're being married to-morrow," and I should have said "Where?" And on being told the time and place I should have turned up pretty punctually; and after my best man had told me where to stand, and the clergyman had told me what to say, and my solicitor had told me where to sign my name, we should have driven from the church a happy married couple....and in the carriage Celia would have told me where we were spending the honeymoon.

However it was not to be so.

"All right, the eleventh," I said. "Any particular month?"

"No," smiled Celia, "just any month. Or, if you like, every month."

"The eleventh of June," I surmised. "It is probably the one day in the year on which my Uncle Thomas cannot come. But no matter. The eleventh let it be."

"Then that's settled. And at St. Miriam's?"

For some reason Celia has set her heart on St. Miriam's. Personally I have no feeling about it. St. Andrew's-by-the-Wardrobe or St. Bartholomew's-Without would suit me equally well.

"All right," I said, "St. Miriam's."

There, you might suppose, the matter would have ended; but no.

"Then you will see about it to-morrow?" said Celia persuasively.

I was appalled at the idea.

"Surely," I said, "this is for you, or your father, or—or somebody to arrange."

"Of *course* it's for the bridegroom," protested Celia.

"In theory, perhaps. But anyhow not the bridegroom personally. His best man....or his solicitor,....or ....I mean, you're not suggesting that I myself—Oh, well, if you insist. Still, I must say I don't see what's the good of having a best man *and* a solicitor if—Oh, all right, Celia, I'll go to-morrow."

So I went. For half-an-hour I padded round St. Miriam's nervously, and then summoning up all my courage, I knocked my pipe out and entered.

"I want," I said jauntily to a sexton or a sacristan or something,—"I want —er—a wedding." And I added, "For two."

He didn't seem as nervous as I was. He enquired quite calmly when I wanted it.

"The eleventh of June," I said. "It's probably the one day in the year on which my Uncle Thomas—— However, that wouldn't interest you. The point is that it's the eleventh."

The clerk consulted his wedding-book. Then he made the surprising announcement that the only day he could offer me in June was the seventeenth. I was amazed.

"I am a very old customer," I said reproachfully. "I mean, I have often been to your church in my time. Surely—"

"We've weddings fixed on all the other days."

"Yes, yes, but you could persuade somebody to change his day, couldn't you? Or if he is very much set on being married on the eleventh you might recommend some other church to him. I daresay you know of some good ones. You see, Celia—my—that is, we're particularly keen, for

some reason, on St. Miriam's."

The clerk didn't appreciate my suggestion. He insisted that the seventeenth was the only day.

"Then will you have the seventeenth?" he asked.

"My dear fellow, I can't possibly say off-hand," I protested. "I am not alone in this. I have a friend with me, I will go back and tell her what you say. She may decide to withdraw her offer altogether."

I went back and told Celia.

"Bother," she said. "What shall we do?"

"There are other churches. There's your own, for example."

"Yes, but you know I don't like that. Why *shouldn't* we be married on the seventeenth?'

"I don't know at all. It seems an excellent day; it lets in my Uncle Thomas. Of course it may exclude my Uncle William, but one can't have everything."

"Then will you go and fix it for the seventeenth to-morrow?"

"Can't I send my solicitor this time?" I asked. "Of course, if you particularly want me to go myself, I will. But really, dear, I seem to be living at St. Miriam's nowadays."

And even that wasn't the end of the business. For, just as I was leaving her, Celia broke it to me that St. Miriam's was neither in her parish nor in mine, and that, in order to qualify as a bridegroom, I should have to hire a room somewhere near.

"But I am very comfortable where I am," I assured her.

"You needn't live there, Ronald. You only want to leave a hat there, you know."

"Oh, very well," I sighed.

She came to the hall with me; and, having said good-bye to her, I repeated my lesson.

"The seventeenth, fix it up to-morrow, take a room near St. Miriam's, and leave a hat there. Good-bye."

"Good-bye . . . . . And oh, Ronald!" She looked at me critically as I stood in the doorway. "You might leave *that* one," she said.

A. A. M.

Punch.

THE JAPANESE IN CALIFORNIA.

It is impossible to view without concern the revival of the anti-Japanese agitation in California. It has, as a matter of fact, never really died down since the trouble over the schools question in 1907. San Francisco, six years ago, issued an ordinance excluding Japanese children from the "white" public schools. After a controversy which excited keen indignation throughout Japan, and showed the impotence of the American government to enforce its Treaty obligations against the resistance of any one of its component States, the problem was disposed of by a compromise that never seemed to have promise of permanence. Congress passed a law of very doubtful constitutional validity forbidding the immigration of Japanese from Mexico, Canada, the Panama Canal zone, and Hawaii into the United States; the Japanese Government voluntarily undertook not to issue permits to its subjects for emigration to America; and the San Franciscans, having carried some at least of their objects, agreed to reopen the public schools to Japanese students. But these expedients left the situation practically unchanged, and in the past few years several Bills have been introduced into the California Legislature for discriminating against the

fifty thousand Japanese who have established themselves on the Pacific Coast. One of these measures, which, happily, was not adopted, provided for the segregation of Japanese and other Orientals in residential quarters. Another prohibited aliens from becoming directors in Californian companies. A third, which has precipitated the present trouble, forbids the acquiring of land by aliens who are ineligible for American citizenship by reason of their "Mongolian" origin. The discussion of this measure has been followed by all the phenomena of 1907, hot resentment among the Japanese, hurried appeals by the President and the Secretary of State to the California Legislature to remember that Japan enjoys certain treaty rights that cannot be set aside, and the statesmen of the Pacific Coast going their own heedless way amid an increasing stew of anti-Japanese feeling.

We get down here to the realities of what publicists are fond of calling "The Pacific Question." It is not a question of naval or commercial supremacy, but of the social and economic relations that are to obtain between the white and yellow peoples. Among the English-speaking communities that border the Pacific, whether they live under the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes, there exists a deep, popular resolve to exclude from their sparsely-settled territories the masses of China and Japan. It is a resolve fed by the jealousy of trade-unionism, and by the ugly play of racial antipathy. But it has also its better side. The English-speaking peoples and the type of civilization, manners, morals, and beliefs which they represent, stand for a cause—the preservation of America as a white man's, or at any rate a white and black man's, country.

What California is clearly working up to is an absolute embargo, such as has already been laid on the Chinese, on the immigration of all Japanese of the coolie and artisan class. Her immediate and material interests by no means favor such a policy. California wants labor above everything else, and enough white labor is not to be had. The foundations of the State's development, her railways, irrigation, and reclamation works, were made possible by the influx of Chinese laborers. When that influx was stopped by legislation, the Japanese began to pour in. They have now filled the gap left vacant by the Chinese. As farm hands, fruit pickers, domestic servants, and railway workers, their services are not only sought after; they are indispensable. They form a law-abiding, intelligent, industrious colony. They have most of the economic virtues of the Chinese, and few or none of their moral failings; and nothing in the nature of a Japanese "China-town" has ever existed in San Francisco. They are rarely drunken or disorderly. They go to America merely to work. They never become a charge on the treasury, or beg in the streets, or meddle with politics, or concern themselves in any way with governmental or religious institutions and strifes, but lead a separate, harmless life, leaving the country when they have hoarded enough to provide for the remainder of their days. As scientific farmers and market-gardeners they put Americans to shame; and if California were to repatriate to-morrow every Asiatic within her boundaries, her material progress would hardly recover from the blow in twenty years. There is hardly a housewife on the Pacific Coast, or an employer of labor, or an agriculturist who would not suffer by their exclusion.

It is probably only to a very small extent that the Japanese settlers enter into direct competition with Americans. In the towns the occupations they engage in are for the most part

those that Americans do not care to follow. It seems, however, to be the fact that in such trades and industries as both races practise, the industry, thrift, and lower standard of living of the Oriental drive his Caucasian rival to the wall. The Japanese, again, are accused of commercial slipperiness, of always trying to wriggle out of a bad bargain; and local opinion maintains that since the war with Russia they have shown in their bearing a rather aggressive consciousness of their new honors and prestige. Nor has it made for racial peace to find that the wealthier Japanese, since the San Francisco fire and earthquake of 1906, have contrived to establish themselves in some of the best residential districts of the city. All this, working on a community ruled by a violently aggressive trade-unionism, has made the Pacific coast a hot-bed of anti-Orientalism.

The factors that add to the difficulty of the diplomatic situation that has thus been created between the United States and Japan are the cock-a-whoop intemperance of the American Press; the turbulence of San Francisco; the assistance which the representatives of the Pacific States will receive from Southern Congressmen and the Labor Party in pressing forward an Exclusion Act; the power for good or evil—usually for the latter—which the delicately adjusted scheme of American politics puts into the hands of an organized and resolute minority; and finally, the growing conviction in Japan that in this question there is involved the whole issue of her status among civilized nations. On the other hand, there are some weighty influences for peace. The moderation and uprightness of President Wilson's statesmanship; the restraint of the Japanese Government, fixed to its absorbing task of reconstruction and development; the heavy bonds under which the United States lie to retain the good-will of a Power that is and must long continue to be arbiter of the Far East; the triviality of an issue that touches the security of neither Power; and the fact that Japan, while anxious to preserve her interests in Hawaii, is by no means anxious to see her subjects settle permanently in the United States, and would far sooner divert them to Manchuria and Korea; all these are reasons for thinking that the situation is far from being a hopeless one.

The Nation.

PORRO UNUM EST NECESSARIUM.

Poverty is an economic question, Beauty an æsthetic one. But when you have answered the æsthetic question the answer to the economic question will be on your lips. Forgive me if I use the word question in its natural sense—as a thing to which there is, necessarily, an answer. There was an answer even to the Sphinx' question—and Poverty is a poor transparent Sphinx. As for Beauty, she, like Truth, lies at the bottom of a well. And the well is crystal-clear. There is one answer to the two questions, and that answer was given long ago by the admired author and despised prophet John Ruskin.

"We have forgotten God." We have therefore forgotten His attributes: mercy, loving-kindness, justice, truth, and beauty. Their names are still on our lips, but the great stupid crashing, blundering machine which we call civilization knows them not. The Devil's gospel of laissez-faire still inspires the calloused heart of man

Every man for himself, and Mammon for the foremost. We no longer care that life should be beautiful for all God's children: we wish it to be beautiful for us and forget who, as we wish that wish, becomes our foster-father. There can be no healing of the great wound in the body of mankind till each one of us would die rather than see the ugliness of a wound on the body of the least of these our brethren. But so dulled and stupefied is our sense of beauty, our sense of brotherhood, that our brother's wounds do not hurt us. We have not imagination enough to know how it feels to be wounded. Just as we have not imagination enough to see the green fields that lie crushed where Manchester sprawls in the smoke—the fair hills and streams on which has grown the loathsome fungus of Stockport.

I believe that this insensitiveness to ugliness and misery, this blindness to the wanton befouling of human life and the green world, come less from the corruption of man's heart than from the emptiness of the teaching which man receives when he is good and little and a child. The teaching in our schools is almost wholly materialistic. The child is taught the botanical name of the orange—dissects it and its flower, and perhaps learns the Latin names of the flower and the fruit; but it is not taught that oranges are things you will be pleased with yourself for giving up to someone who is thirstier than you are, or that to throw orange-peel on the pavement, where someone may slip on it and fall and hurt himself, is as mean a trick as stealing a penny from a blind man. We teach the children about the wonders of gases and ethers, but we do not explain to them that furnaces ought to consume their own smoke, nor why. The children learn of acids and starches, but not that it is a disgraceful thing to adulterate beer and bread. The rules of multiplication and subtraction are taught in schools, but not the old rule, "If any will not work, neither shall he eat."

There is no "dogmatical" teaching. This means a diet of dry bones. It means that the child is never shown how to look for happiness in the performance of acts which do not, on the face of them, look as though they would make him happy. It is not explained to him that man's life and the will of God are like a poem—God writes a line and man must make the next line rhyme to it. When it does rhyme, then you get that happiness which can only come from harmony. And when you do your best to make your line rhyme and cannot—well the Author of the first line knows that it was your best you did. God is shown, when He is shown at all, to our modern children, as a sort of glorified headmaster, who will be tremendously down on you if you break the rules: alternatively as a sort of rich uncle who will give you things if you ask properly. He is not shown as the Father to whom you can tell everything.

If you are successful in your work you win a prize and go home to your people, and tell them that you are first in history, receiving their applause without shame. If you are good at games or athletics you can tell your mates that you made two goals or eighty-three runs, or whatever it is—and delight in their admiration. If you are an athlete, the applause of the bystanders is your right and your reward.

But whom can you tell of the little intimate triumphs, the secret successes, the temptation resisted, the kind things done, the gentle refrainings, the noble darings of that struggling, bewildered, storm-tossed little thing you call your soul? God, your Father, is the only person to whom

you can talk of these. To Him you can say, "Father, I wanted to pay Smith Minor out to-day for something he did last week, and I didn't because I thought You wouldn't like it. Are You pleased with Your boy?" Do they teach you this in schools, or give you any hint or hope of what you will feel when your Father answers—"Yes, my son, I am pleased." Or do they teach you to say: "Father, I am sorry I was a beast to-day, and I'll try not to do it again," and tell you that a voice will answer, "I am sorry, too, my son, but I am glad you told Me. Try again, dear lad. And let Me help you."

As you show your Latin exers to your Master, so you should be taught to show the leaves of your life to the only One who can read and understand that blotted record. And if you learn to show that book every day there will be less and less in it that you mind showing, and more and more that will give you the glow and glory of the heart that comes to him who hears "Faithful and good, well done." You cannot suppose that your life is rhyming with the will of God when you destroy the beauty of the country and of the lives of men, so that you may get rich and you and your children may live without working.

Can you imagine a company promoter who should say, "Father, I have made a lot of money out of a company which has gone to pieces, and a lot of other people are ruined; but I know that there must always be rich and poor, and if I didn't do it someone else would"? Or, "Father, I spoiled the green fields where children used to play, and I have built a lot of streets of hideous and uncomfortable houses—but they are quite good enough for the working people. As long as they have such low wages they can't live like human beings. And Thou knowest, O Father, that wages are, and must be, regulated by the divine law of supply and demand"? Or, "Father, I have put sand in the sugar and poison in the beer, alum in the bread and water in the milk, all these being, as Thou knowest, Father, long-established trade customs"? Men can say these things to themselves and to each other, but there is One to whom they cannot say them. It is of Him, and not only of the wonders of His Universe, that I would have the children taught. But they are only taught of the wonders, not of the Wonder-worker. It is not that there are none who could teach, no initiates of the great and simple mysteries, no keepers of the faith. There are such, but they are muzzled, and the detestable horrors of civilization go on in a community which calls itself after the name of Christ. And so long as we have in our schools this materialistic teaching, so long shall we raise up generation after generation to support that civilization, and to keep it the damnable thing we know.

There is talk now of a great measure for the reform of national education; much talk, and there will be more. There will be much ink spilt, much breath wasted, we shall hear of Montessori and Froebel, of science and the classics, of opportunities, of ladders, of scholarships and prizes and endowments. We shall learn how desirable it is for the son of the greengrocer to go to Oxford and for the daughter of the dustman to take the Prix de Rome. We shall be told how important are the telescope and the microscope, and how right it is that children should know all about their little insides. The one thing we shall not hear about will be the one thing needful. A tottering Government may keep itself in power by such a measure—a defeated party may by it bring itself back to office; but such a measure will not keep the nation from per-

dition, nor bring back the soul of a man into the true way.

We may build up as we will schemes of education and instruction, add science to science, learning to learning, and facts to facts, but what we shall build will be only a dead body unless it be informed by the breath of the Spirit which maketh alive. For education which teaches a man everything but how to live to the glory of God and the service of man, is not education but only instruction; and it is the fruit of the tree not of Life but of Death.

E. Nesbit.

The Saturday Review.

THE VICTORY OF MILITANCY.

Whatever may be their views as to the desirability of extending the full franchise to women, and of throwing open to them equally with men all the great offices of State, including the control of the Army, the Navy, and the administration of justice and police, there can, we think, be no doubt that the vast majority of the public, without distinction of sex, will welcome the decisive defeat of Mr. Dickinson's Bill. The credit for that defeat is indeed universally ascribed to militancy.[1] Mr. Asquith's powerful speech was balanced, if not fully met, by Sir E. Grey's reply. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law stayed away, and were congratulated on their courage by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The majority of 47 testifies to the striking movement of opinion in the last two or three years. The reasons why those who desire the political equality of the sexes, and those who do not, may equally rejoice are two. First, there has been made during the last two years, or more, an organized attempt to intimidate the Government and the House of Commons by societies of men and women calling themselves militants. They only number a few thousand in all. But very large sums of money have been collected from the rich, and many poor persons have been paid to incite or commit crimes of various descriptions against public and private property. Some newspapers and some politicians have argued over and over again that it is irrational to allow a Franchise Bill to suffer from the crimes and follies of its supporters. All that the militants have proved, they urge, is that *they* are unfit for the franchise; and *they* are a very small minority of the whole female sex. That is no doubt true; but we must look at the consequences. If Parliament had passed the Bill under these circumstances everyone would have said that militancy had triumphed, and that if you want to get a measure through, or to prevent a Bill passing into law, you must appeal not to reason or justice, but to fear—in fact, to the meanest kind of physical fear. The triumph of woman suffrage in England would have been the classical example of the efficacy of force and violence. Every minority, however small, which despairs of getting its way would have been encouraged by the Mother of Parliaments to resort to every species of crime. And though our militants claim to have stopped at arson, there is no reason why future militants—in Ulster perhaps—might not have been encouraged

[1] To quote the "Manchester Guardian," by far the wisest and staunchest supporter of Woman Suffrage in the Press:—"Last night's victory was not so much that of Mr. Asquith as that of the luckless Woman's Social and Political Union, which seems now to exist merely to give a momentary show of truth to the contemptuous forecasts which Anti-Suffragists offer of the measure of political instinct and moral insight which women would bring into political controversy."

to resort to murder. Most even of those who think that the arguments for Woman Suffrage outweigh the arguments against it, will probably agree on cool reflection that the project had far better be postponed than passed under present conditions. To substitute force for argument and the rule of minorities for the rule of majorities would, of course, lead straight to the destruction of constitutional government. The natural termination of it all would be the substitution of a military dictatorship for a Parliament. The vote for which so many outrages have been committed would be useless, and women, instead of being elevated to power, would be subjected and oppressed. It was in the interests of women far more than of men that this feminine appeal to force should be unsuccessful. For wherever physical force rules women are enslaved.

The second reason for welcoming the decision is also constitutional, but in a stricter sense. It is admitted by everybody that this Parliament was not elected on Woman Suffrage. The Prime Minister was known to be against it, and his colleagues did not mention it in their addresses. The leading issues at the last election were the House of Lords and Home Rule. It cannot be pretended, either by those who believe that Woman Suffrage would be a national blessing any more than by those who hold the contrary view, that this is a minor reform, on which the country need not be consulted, or on which a Prime Minister, with a proper degree of self-respect, could waive his convictions, and allow himself to be made an instrument for carrying into law proposals which he thought disastrous. It is agreed, then, that Woman Suffrage would be a very important and far-reaching change for good or for evil. But it is also admitted, even by its supporters, that it is extremely unpopular—*i.e.*, that it would be rejected by an immense majority if the voters were consulted. Nor would this result apparently be changed on a referendum to women alone; for militant tactics have exasperated the female part of the community even more than the male. It may be illogical—we are all more or less illogical—but it is surely natural that women should resent this attempt to inflame the strong against the weak, and to destroy the social ties and conventions upon which their own security and happiness depend. The sanctity of solemn vows, the ties of love and family affection, honor, romance, the privileges of the weak, the chivalry of the strong—these are constituent elements in a social fabric which speak to the majority of women and men with overwhelming power. In rejecting the Bill, the House of Commons was reflecting the will of the nation. Had the Bill been passed, the Government and the House would certainly not have survived until the Bill became law. It may be that in course of time, when militancy has died out and been forgotten, the voters and their wives will change their minds, and be converted to Woman Suffrage. But until that happens the project is not likely to re-enter the region of practical politics.

Psychologically, militancy is something of a puzzle. Philosophers and doctors have already begun to write about it. In its origins it was not entirely irrational. It was intended as an advertisement of the cause and of those who constituted themselves leaders and treasurers. Many of those who joined acted without wrong motives. It was a new idea, which filled their minds, and made all other duties, affections, and excitements seem subordinate. It was rather cleverly associated with military discipline and unquestioning obedience to self-nomi-

nated captains, so that no thinking was allowed. Whatever their leaders proclaimed was right. In other cases notoriety, in others passion, in others bitterness and discontent must have been the main motives. But when once the contrivance of crimes became the main function of militancy, the movement began to be joined by real criminals and by spies, so that now confusion and disorder reign supreme. The long duration of this strange disorder may be due in part to masculine tolerance, and to a general feeling that an artificial movement of this kind was best treated by time and patience, but still more to the fact that passion appeals to the new impressionist school. The fashionable type of journalist is a bundle of nerves, and any spectacular exhibition of violence and fury appeals to him immensely. It is not to be wondered at that many heads were turned by the respectful admiration which these exhibitions aroused, but when the sub-editor flagged and headlines became fainter, attention had to be attracted by more serious crimes. Without Fleet Street militancy could hardly have existed in London. It has utterly disgusted the working classes, and it has had little encouragement from the provinces, where well-to-do-women with political and social interests find healthier and happier activities.

The Economist.

REALITY IN DRAMA.

Mr. Bourchier, in his "Reflections on Shakespeare and the Drama," delivered at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, on Monday afternoon, covered a wide field. It would not be easy to follow him over it, especially as he was not always careful to be consistent with himself. But in his discursive travels he touched upon one subject that is at the very centre of dramatic interest. Without any attempt to quote from a lecture that was but hurriedly delivered at the best, his idea was this: that drama, having moved since the days of Shakespeare, has passed on to other modes of expression, and that, in contrast to the poetic form that then prevailed, realism, and with it prose, has invaded the stage, there to hold some kind of a permanent possession that by its very presence shall baffle any attempt to re-introduce a form of expression that now is out of date. It is likely that, expressed in this way, Mr. Bourchier may be committed to an idea that would take him farther than he would be willing to go, for he was careful in his lecture to avoid very definite statements; but the idea is a familiar one, and is worth examining for its own sake.

For one thing, in so far as it means anything it means that moving forward is one and the same thing as moving upward. It is merely a trick of avoiding close thinking to assume that any age has moved upward to a better thing merely because it has moved forward to a different thing. And if it has not moved upward to a better thing, then it is at least worth while open-minded examination to see whether or not the new thing has any possibilities inherent in it that may cause it to develop into something as good as the old. That is the first assumption in that kind of mental attitude. Another resides in the word "realism." What is realism? There is at the present moment a great need for a more clear-minded use of terms in all the branches of art. There should, for instance, be some less con-

fused use of the word "realism" that should distinguish it from that wholly different thing, actualism. For an actual thing may not at all be a real thing, just as reproduction is a wholly different thing from recreation.

An instance may serve. A good deal of the modern tendency in art (chiefly in drama and the novel) is admittedly photographic, and for such a photographic method the word "realism" is generally used. But the photograph is often the least trustworthy of things, while yet remaining perfectly faithful. When the late John Davidson died I remember showing a well-known man of letters a photograph of him that appeared in most of the papers. That photograph was to help in his identification; it was by a well-known firm of photographers and had, presumably, been passed by John Davidson himself and his relations as a passable likeness of him. Yet my friend had no conception whose likeness it was (though he knew Davidson well) until I told him, whereupon he repudiated it at once. As a contrast to the photograph, he gave me in a few brief words a highly "poetic" description of him. The following day I met another of Davidson's friends. I tried him with the description, to find that he at once knew whom I meant, although he scoffed at the photograph.

It is a parable, and may serve for a commentary on the drama. Mr. Galsworthy, in the current number of the *Hibbert Journal*, has been expounding the "new drama" on the basis of its sincerity. It is not very easy to gather from his article precisely what he means by this sincerity, but it is fairly obvious that the word perfectly fits his own dramatic work. Since the Birmingham Repertory Company are to produce one of Mr. Galsworthy's plays at the Stratford Festival, it would be interesting to compare him with Shakespeare in this very matter of realism. His is not only prose drama, but it is prose drama at its strongest, and in the cleanest workmanship. It is characteristic prose drama, for it could not, by the widest stretch of imagination, be conceived otherwise than in prose; and both by that fact and by the subjects of its choice it is characteristic of what has been called the invasion of realism. But in what sense is it more real than, say, *Romeo and Juliet*?—to take two plays written by their authors about the same age, since an artist's development in his art should ever be considered. *Justice* addressed itself to certain conditions that have already changed (for better and for worse), and will continue rapidly to change, with the result that it will soon read like an outworn tract. *Romeo and Juliet* addressed itself to certain conditions of the human heart that have continued and will for ever continue. Which, then, is the more *real*—the permanent or the impermanent? Or take the nearness of their approach as a touchstone of realness. Does *Romeo and Juliet*, with all the interlardings of an earlier stilted version, approach nearer the mass of men, or *The Eldest Son*, or *The Great Adventure*, or *Trust the People*? Or let the intellect of men be such a touchstone. In all these plays, which is the one subject that the thought of men turns ever to, desiring to unriddle whatever defies them? The fact of the matter is that Romeo and Juliet cry to the ends of time with their play, whereas these other plays last well or ill according to their workmanship, but are flawed in the fact that they are actual to a time and not real to the timeless heart of men. In short, that, far from realism having invaded the stage, realism has been pushed off the stage by a preoccupation with evanescent conditions of things.

This at once raises the question of

expression. What precisely has poetry and prose to do with all this, since it certainly is a remarkable thing that the only drama in the history of the world that has persisted has been couched in poetry? Why should permanent drama express itself in poetry and impermanent drama turn to prose? The answer to that, in my opinion, is a purely mystical one. But, putting that aside, one may turn to the curious yet persistent fact that in all the great moods or moments of the life of men they instinctively express themselves in rhythm and music. Those who care to try judicious inquiry will be amazed to find the number of men, the unlikeliest of men, who have written, and still probably keep, their love poems. It is the same collectively. At all great moments of collective exaltation people turn to song—vulgar songs if the people be vulgar, noble song if the people be noble. And if such a train of thought be followed through, it will not be difficult to see how it links up the whole inquiry that has been suggested here. For the permanent moods of men—that is to say their real moods—not only seek at once to express themselves in poetry, but are even only truly themselves when they have won an expression that is full of the rhythm and music that, when they are met in speech, we call poetry. That perhaps is artificially to distinguish between two things that in their inception and outcome are one. The truth is rather that the form is essentially part of the thing itself—that it has not been caught into the wonderful ritual of art until it has been suffered to come in its own form. That, however, is to encroach on the mystical. But when the different parts of the inquiry have been pieced together, at once to receive the confirmation of the historical record, it certainly seems foolish that men should continue to describe as realism that which is not real at all—no more real than the plaster cast for a wounded arm that everyone is wishing to have thrown away. It is, in short, the difference between drama and dramatic journalism that we are discussing.

Darrell Figgis.

The Outlook.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

A new edition of President Wilson's "The Free Life,"—a baccalaureate address which he gave while President of Princeton University—is given all the attractions of the dainty typography of the Merrymount Press by the publishers, Thomas Y. Crowell Company. It is a vigorous plea for personal independence and the highest type of Christian manhood. Delivered, as it was, before Dr. Wilson had entered upon a political career, the ideals which it presents are of especial interest as suggesting those which the President will have in view in the high office to which he has been called.

That the little Polly whom one met last year as a member of the Hospital staff should appear in a sequel was inevitable, for everyone who enjoyed her wished to hear more of her doings. In a daintily printed volume "Polly of Lady Gay Cottage," the author, Emma C. Dowd, allows us to follow the further fortunes of Polly with her adopted father and mother. In the world where Polly lives, goodness and merit always conquer the unpleasant things which happen and even the faulty people show their true and better selves in the course of time. Polly is a "golden child" and

every one she touches sooner or later falls under her magic. Like its companion, this is a fine book for children to read, and for that great company of grown-up readers who had rather read a good book about a child than the most intense problem novel that was ever written. Houghton Mifflin Company.

"The Cat's Elegy" by Gelett Burgess and Burges Johnson, (A. C. McClurg & Co.) follows very cleverly the model of Gray's Elegy, and pays tribute to a city cat of origin obscure, who, by reason of her musical achievements, fell a victim to the chance missile of an impassioned lodger:

"Let not some groomed lap-cat e'er decry
The humble realm of that back yard obscure,
The battered gate, the clothesline whence there fly
The short and simple flannels of the poor."

The illustrations are as clever as the text. Altogether, it is a delightful bit of nonsense.

"Wesley's World Parish" by George C. Findlay, D.D., and Mary Grace Findlay, M.Sc., derives its title from John Wesley's saying "I look upon the world as my Parish" and gives a rapid and extremely interesting survey of the wonderful century work of the Wesley Methodist Missionary Society, which fulfils the words of its founder. It is a marvelous story, full of encouragement and inspiration to all Christian workers. George H. Doran Co.

It would seem, at first thought, a somewhat hazardous enterprise to write of "The Coming Mexico," since no one can predict with confidence the final outcome of the struggles in progress in our sister republic. But Mr. Joseph King Goodrich, who gives this title to a very well-considered and illuminating volume expressly disclaims all attempts at political prophecy. He cites, as justification for this reticence, certain predictions in recent volumes upon Mexico, which have been made absurd by the later course of events; and he devotes himself mainly to an account of material and business conditions. Chapters reviewing the history of Mexico from ancient times to the present are followed by descriptions of the Mexico of today,—its resources, its people and its industrial development. Mr. Goodrich writes from observations at first hand, extending over a considerable period of years. His temper is friendly, his style is graphic, and his book is the best and most up-to-date on the subject which is now accessible. There are thirty-two illustrations from photographs. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Dr. Francis E. Clark's "Old Homes of New Americans" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is the fruit of close and friendly observation of the Magyars, Croatians, Slavonians, Poles and other of the races of Austria-Hungary, from which an annually increasing volume of our immigration is drawn. Dr. Clark writes sympathetically and with the intention of acquainting Americans with the characteristics and possibilities of the "new Americans" who come to us from across the seas,—some of them possible Mary Antins, and some of quite a different quality, but all becoming a part of our national life. The book would have interest, merely as a record of travel, but the deeper purpose adds to its value.

"A Superman in Being" by Litchfield Woods is not so much a novel as a portrait. Professor Snaggs, blind historian and superman, is drawn against a background of London middle class

life. The love affair of the Professor's secretary, Ethel Garnett and Richard Densumbe, serves as a foil to draw out the Professor's intellectual attacks of wit, malice, caprice, and god-like condescension. We know that Nietzche could never bring himself to live the theories which his brain evolved, and was in practice human and kindly. In contrast, this author makes the Professor follow his ideals to logical conclusions. Richard Densumbe, the young workman who reached out intellectually beyond his class is drawn with powerful insight, as an uncongenial member of a weak purposed, "chapel-going" family, as the victim of the Professor's plots to undermine his sense of moral values, and as Ethel's natural, spontaneous lover. The book shows careful workmanship and the interest is everywhere cleverly centered upon the principal character. Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Mr. Eden Philpotts first published "Widecombe Fair" as a series of sketches, each complete in itself, but connected with the others by lines and touches apparently purposeless, but destined to be brought into true relation by bold finishing strokes, a method giving the freest play to his own imagination and to his readers' ingenuity. In the "Foreword" of the complete volume, he expatiates upon the argumentative weakness of those who illogically condemned his method. Also, he stoutly defends his privilege of showing human nature as affected by its natural environment. The little society which he describes is complex and varied. A pair of greedy and cunning mendicants; an honest, acute foundling; a poor but rigidly upright man profoundly respectful in his attitude towards the worshipful ancestors in whom nobody but he believes; the simpleton brother and sister, masses of dull conceit for lack of the polishing influence of a town; the still more conceited creature who fancies that the world will really suffer unless he endows it with offspring, are the most original, but the gracious young beauties, happy and unhappy, the handsome young fellows manly or worthless deserve more than a glance. Little Brown & Co.

Paul Elmer More has completed his eighth volume of the Shelburne Essays which are now published under the title "The Drift of Romanticism." Mr. More uses the word romantic not in the narrow sense which would force him to include only the work of those men of letters who styled themselves "romanticists," but rather in a strictly historical sense as a term for what he calls "the dominant tendency and admitted ideal of the modern world." This tendency or underlying principle he considers to be finally a question of Dualism and in a chapter, Definitions of Dualism, he defines this term as that infinite flux of impulses which man feels within himself together with the consciousness of an "inner check" which exerts upon the flux a force contrary to it. Romanticism then is "a radical confusion of the unlimited desires and the infinite inner check." In its extreme form it is overpowering egotism, or an unbalanced search for beauty or unlimited idealism. The stream of romanticism is traced back to its origin in Alexandria where it was the result of the confusion of Oriental and Occidental streams of thought. Those men whom the author has chosen as examples of 19th century romanticists are William Beckford, Cardinal Newman, Walter Pater, Fiona Macleod, Nietzsche and Huxley. It is a matter of great interest to see how each of these personalities, so different from each other, are shown to conform to the common term. There is a ring of authority in

all that Mr. More has to say, even when some of his estimates seem harsh. The book is an important addition to criticism of 19th century literature. Houghton Mifflin Company.

That his book should be more nearly a collection of appreciative essays than a formal history of American literature was John Macy's intention when he wrote "The Spirit of American Literature." His individual preference governs his choice of subjects to a great extent, although he tries to determine what are by a generous consensus of opinion the "emergent" figures of our literature. Bryant, Mrs. Stowe and Bret Harte are not mentioned in the volume, while William James and Henry James each has a chapter to himself. Whitman and Lanier are also given more space than has unfortunately been accorded them in various former text books on the subject. Mr. Macy's point of view is original and stimulating as well as scholarly. The book is by no means a dry, formal treatise and the subject is made thoroughly alive. One idea which Mr. Macy advances is that American literature is not distinctly characteristic of our national spirit, but simply English literature made in America. He urges a growing realization of our possibilities and in his preface whimsically says: "The American Spirit may be figured as petitioning the Muses for twelve novelists, ten poets, and eight dramatists, to be delivered at the earliest possible moment." Whether the reader agrees with every opinion or not, he will be entertained and provoked to a new interest in American letters. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Doubtless, Mr. John Muir intended his "The Story of my Boyhood and Youth" for an autobiography, but it reads like a fairy tale. His school-life began in his native Scotland, before he was three years of age, and not only did his good luck fill it with adventures, great and small, but the schoolmaster's "thrashing in general," and furious study so packed his young head with knowledge, that when his family emigrated to Wisconsin, eight years later, he possessed as much textbook wisdom as an American boy of fourteen accumulates under the present system of teaching. As for birds, animals, and fishes, and their ways, he had treasured all the hints that keen eyes and sharp ears could gather for him, and was ready for more when he was compelled to put away childish things, and bear a man's part in conquering a farm from the wilderness. The stern, almost savage, realities of his daily tasks are obscured in his account, by the glitter of the fire flies, the purple robe of the anemone; the exquisite coloring of the wood duck; and the wonder of clouds of pigeons, and he has preserved his affection for all sylvan wonders even after discovering the joys of applying the mathematics wrested from books. Then he began to invent machinery to tell time and temperature; to force a drowsy man to rise at one o'clock in the morning; to present his work to him in set order; to do everything but think for him. Toil in the harvest-field and teaching school gave him four years at Wisconsin University, and thence he wandered away on a botanizing and geologizing pilgrimage, and is still, nearly fifty years later, pursuing it. He should, according to all the professors of hygiene, have died long ago, instead of being healthier and heartier than men of half his years. Pictures of some of his inventions, of two of his American homes, and his photogravure portrait illustrate the book, and it cries aloud for repeated readings, and, being a fairy tale, it will have them. Houghton Mifflin Company.